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MINOR POEMS.

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NOR POEMS.

GE CHRETIEN, DOIT SE SENTIR DE LA PURETE DU CHEIS-
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UVERE.

LONDON:

D FOR LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN,
AND GREEN.

1828.

901.

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"UN OUVRAGE CHRETIEN, DOIT SE SENTIR DE LA PURETE DU CHRISTIANISME; ELLE NE DOIT PAS MEME ETRE BANNIE D'UN OUVRAGE PROFANE."—BRUYERE.

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PRINTED BY J. B. NICHOLS AND SON, 25, PARLIAMENT-STREET.

To BENJAMIN APLIN, Esq.

OF

BODICOT GRANGE, OXFORDSHIRE.

MY DEAR APLIN,

I SHALL doubtless surprise you with this Dedication; for it is your nature to shrink from praise in the proportion that you deserve it. But to whom with more propriety could I inscribe my volume than to the associate of my boyhood; the companion of my whole life—who, chequered as that life has been, has never wavered in the steadiness of his attachment, and whom I have still the happiness to call my Friend.

I am, my Dear Aplin,

faithfully and affectionately yours,

JOS. SNOW.

4, *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*,
May 1, 1828.

PRINTED BY J. B. NICHOLS AND SON, 25, PARLIAMENT-STREET.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

The following Trifles scarcely demand the formality of a Preface. It would be idle to affect an indifference to their reception; but I can with truth assert, it has not been without much hesitation that I have committed them to the Press. I have cast my mite into the treasury of my Country's Poetry, with an humble but honest conviction, that if this volume shall do but little good, it will give no offence to the interests of Religion and Virtue.

J. S.

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Shall find their strength, their comfort, and their stay,
The soul's best refuge in the evil day."
He pray'd that Heaven the innocent would guard;
Forgive the wandering—and here, labouring hard
With some internal struggle, paus'd—then cried,
" Father, forgive this erring child!" and died.
Amidst the group of mourners there was one
Apart, who seem'd all sympathy to shun—
Lost in that agony of grief which knows
Nought save its own unutterable woes;
Insensible to all that pass'd around,
Entranc'd the maiden knelt upon the ground,
And hid her face within the curtain's fold,
Her breathing, loud, convuls'd, and heavy, told
The struggle of her soul—she shed no tear,
Nor heard the words oft whisper'd in her ear,
Soft words of comfort, which her deep distress
Wrung from a pitying sister's tenderness.
But now the chord was touch'd, and as she caught
A father's prayer—a father's blessing fraught
With more than double interest for her,
Nature resum'd her office, and the stir

And conflict of contending feelings came,
Too mighty for a weak exhausted frame;
She rais'd her head, and met his dying eye,
Then sunk with one "exceeding bitter cry,"
And found in present stupor respite brief
From this o'er-mastering woe—this heavy weight of grief.

And who this sufferer? I will not repeat
The ancient tale of folly and deceit;
I will not here of female frailty speak:
Alas! man still is *man*, and woman still is weak;
Yet if an erring sister e'er could claim
For such transgression a less odious name;
If e'er the lip of scorn could hesitate
To speak reproaches, 'twas for such a fate;
But this poor mourner ne'er advanced a plea
To soften worldly censure—nor will we.

With her the sin and suffering were one,
And scarcely was a course of crime begun,
Ere the first lessons of parental love
Rushed on her faithful memory, and drove

The wanderer to her father's arms. She came,
And he received her, as the tears of shame
Fell on his aged bosom, and he prest
His child in mute forgiveness to his breast.
Yet could a father's pardon not restore
Peace to her wounded spirit; this was more
Than earthly consolation could bestow,
This sweet infusion in her cup of woe;
'Twas Heaven's alone in mercy to impart—
Nor was it here denied. That broken heart,
Which once found mercy at a Saviour's feet,
Was hers—a sacrifice to Heaven most meet.
Humble as Mary at the Cross in prayer,
She knelt and wept in strong repentance there,
Till that sweet peace illumin'd, whose least ray
Man cannot give—man cannot take away.
O'er this blest work a father's pious care
Had duly watch'd with thankfulness and prayer:
Oft in the stillness of the night was heard
The words unwearied tenderness preferr'd;
And the first homage of his heart was pour'd
A grateful offering for a soul restor'd;

But now the grave clos'd over him, and who
What fondness such as his had done, would do.
But Heaven in mercy tempers the rough wind,
Nor "breaks the bruised reed," nor humble mind.
He who afflicts not willingly, nor grieves,
But to improve the spirit he receives,
Cut short her sorrows, and in pity gave
The only resting-place on earth, a grave.
Yet ere she died, she felt each lessening hour,
Faith's mightiest aid, Religion's holiest power;
Still as her strength decay'd her spirit gain'd
Increase of hope, that to the last sustain'd;
Still as her body hasten'd to the dust,
God was her portion, and the Cross her trust,
Stedfast in pray'r, e'en when her voice was gone,
A heavenly radiance on her features shone,
As though a dawning of that bliss was given—
Prepar'd for spirits purified for Heaven.
On those who soothed her dying hour she threw
A grateful parting glance, and God withdrew
Her spirit. * * * *.

II.

THE LAST SUPPER.

LEONARDO DA VINCI.

I.

'Tis He—that conflict of the soul declares
The Man of Sorrows! on his holy brow
The deep dejection of his heart he bears.
Ne'er was his "spirit sorrowful as now"—
Foreknowledge gives to death a bitterer sting,
Omniscience marks the advent of his hour;
Oh if but *one* awakened conscience bring
Throes of remorse of an o'erwhelming pow'r,
How must his *human* nature at this time
Have groan'd beneath a world's accumulated crime.

II.

He speaks—his words no mysteries enshroud,
No parable obscures his meaning here—
(Not as he spake unto the wondering crowd)
Now the prediction comes distinct and clear—
No adversary's hand the dart shall send;
Nor he—mine enemy since time began—
But it is Thou "mine own familiar friend."
The powers of darkness leave the deed to man.
"He eateth with me," verily I say,
"One whom I lov'd, e'en one among you shall betray."

III.

Oh, in the many sorrows he has known,
Where'er his numerous griefs and trials led,
A weary wanderer in a world his own,
Without a place wherein to lay his head;
No, nor that after travail of his soul,
Borne in the garden of Gethsemane,
When from his brow the bloody drops that roll,
Proclaim the struggles of humanity;

No, not such agony—not even this
Could rend his bosom more than did that traitor's
kiss.

IV.

Oh it may cause a blush for human pride,
And human weakness may demand a tear,
To know that of these "chosen" at his side,
Of all the favoured "*twelve*" assembled here,
Of them, whose features agonized, deny
The injurious thought, and with impatient breath
Urge the alarming question—"is it I?"—
And pledge their faith, aye even to the death,—
Who when their Master to his fate was led,
Not one but then forsook his suffering Lord, and
fled.

V.

And well Leonardo has thy hand proved true
To the sublime conceptions of thy mind—
And here may faith and piety renew
Their love to Him, who suffered for mankind.

Nor deem the thought too fanciful; e'en he
To whom Redemption is an unknown word,
Who feebly knows what price was paid to free
A ruined world—may gaze upon his Lord—
And *he* may feel these proofs of generous pain,
Whose heart the *pulpit* has assailed in vain.

VI.

Behold th' apostate Judas—in his eye
Contempt sits dominant—on his lip disdain;
Yet is the hour of bitter penance nigh—
The curse that lies upon unhallowed gain;
Then shall his lips, despairing, imprecate
That violence which "cometh as a flood;"
Loathing shall fill those eyes, and he shall hate
The wages of his soul, "the price of blood;"
To-morrow, and that insolence of pride
Shall be extinguished in the guilt of suicide.

VII.

And there are thoughts for *all*, whoe'er thou art,
That gazest on a scene, so truly shown—

Deem *not* that here thou hast "no lot nor part."
Nor gratify the eye of taste *alone*—
Christian or connoisseur—(nay do not frown)
Gaze, as thou *hast* gazed on the face of one
Thou lovedst once, now to his grave gone down,
But who for thee some generous deed had done.
I ask no feeling of idolatry
For art,—remember Him who *died*, who *lives for thee.*

III.

THE WIDOW'S SON.

SEARCH Sorrow's records—trace the various modes
By which pain tortures or misfortune goads—
Seek the abodes where Want and Misery dwell—
Summon each victim from Oppression's cell,
And call upon the sufferer to impart
The grief that weighs the heaviest on the heart—
Then judge, amidst the catalogue of woes,
What is the bitterest grief our nature knows;
Find the severest trial, if you can,
Which our first parents' sin entailed on man.
Ask, and the answer each would give is known,
For every sufferer would assert his own.
The veriest trifler, to whose maudlin grief
The veriest trifle would afford relief,

Gravely would tell you, with a piteous sigh,
"There lives no wretch so desolate as I."
Turn from the crowd of mourners—come with me,
And gaze on sorrow in its last degree,
Sorrow that earth, and all on earth, bestowed,
Could ne'er remove a feather from its load,
Sorrow which Heaven may strengthen to *endure*,
But which e'en *Heaven* in other worlds must *cure*.
Mothers have wept o'er childhood's early bier—
Strong was the grief, and bitter was the tear.
Fathers have mourned the beautiful, the young—
And manhood's firmer heart was sternly wrung.
A warrior's eye has sorrow'd o'er the grave
That held the friend he would have died to save.
Yes! these were real mourners; and yet each
Had those bright hopes Religion's faith can teach,
Of that reunion on a happier day
Which knows nor change, nor sorrow, nor decay.
But who shall soothe the anguish of her hour?
What place hath she for pity's gentle power,
Who stands aloof from every human care,
Yon tearless, frozen statue of despair,

Gazing intensely on the face of one . . . . . .
Whom, when alive, she called an *only son*,
And she a widow? Hear the mourner's fate,
And say what hope has earth for one so desolate?
Some twenty summers since, and she, who now
Bears the deep furrows on her cheek and brow,
Shone in the fullness of her beauty's pride,
A rich, and, who could doubt, a happy bride.
She gave her maiden hand to him who long
Had held her heart by gentle ties, and strong.
Her course of love was smooth; no parent's frown
On him, the chosen one, looked coldly down.
Nature had matched them in each gift and grace;
They were a pair, not less in mind than face.
Their web of life was so enwrought with love,
All owned such marriages were made above.
So calm the surface of the lake, 'twas clear
That no obstructing rocks could interfere
To check affection in its inward course,
In all its depths unruffled as its source.
Such bliss is ever short—Love's holy flame
Trembles, and points to Heaven, from whence it
came!

Probation owns it not, nor is the Earth
Worthy the stranger of so high a birth —
It comes, a glimpse of better worlds, to show
The moral baseness of the world below.
Let Discord once the torch of Hymen bear,
And Death looks coldly on the wedded pair;
Then, as the year on year repentant rolls,
The yoke still galls the uncongenial souls;
But shew me those in sympathy so twin'd
That they might seem but one in heart and mind,
And I predict, with an experienced eye,
That Death and Separation hover nigh.
'Twas so with her—in her too happy lot,
E'en in the gift, the giver she forgot;
And discipline was meet, that she might see
The full extent of her idolatry.
E'en when her hopes were highest came the blow
That laid the fabric desolate and low —
The fairy fabric she had reared—it fell;
How great the ruin she alone could tell.
One only hope her widowed grief beguiled—
And as she gazed upon her smiling child,

Her dark-eyed boy, with locks so crisp and curled,
She felt the tie that bound her to the world.
The sever'd links of Earth's mysterious chain
This infant gathered up and joined again,
Joined with less strength perhaps than heretofore,
Yet for his sake her weight of woe she bore;
Smiled on his dawning beauty, loved to trace
His father's spirit brightening in his face—
Less sad the retrospect in Memory's eye,
When Hope in this dear form stood smiling by.
And it is sweet upon that face to dwell,
Where Vice hath cast no shadow, guilt no spell—
To view the brow unruffled by a care,
Ere Grief has drawn her faintest furrow there—
To see, when playful, waking, or at rest,
The cloudless sunshine of the infant-breast.
What early discipline for him had done
Was never tried—he was an only son;
That high-born privilege of self to please,
And, Nature's charter, all the world to tease.
His youth was nurtured in indulgence—he
Was spoiled before he left the nursery.

The peace of others was to him a toy,
First to amuse—when wearied, to destroy—
Toys which e'en children of a larger growth
Sometimes to trifle with are nothing loth.
He grew to boyhood, wayward and self-willed,
No passion curbed, no principle instilled;
Yet all his lively talents might discern;
When humour suited he was quick to learn;
And when no temper crossed his happiness,
He had a spirit generous to excess—
'Twas impulse wanting but a surer aim,
And virtue had assigned a better name.
A public school on such a mind had wrought
A wholesome influence, and had early taught
Those useful lessons to the heart of pride
By which its selfish thoughts are mortified—
Lessons of which he had to learn the weight
Beneath a sterner teacher, when too late.
Behold him now in manhood's vigorous prime,
No friend to virtue, yet unstained by crime;
Of polished manners, and a lively wit,
Prompt to reply, for all occasions fit.

His presence courted, and his loss deplored,
By the gay circle and the festive board;
Of graceful carriage and a handsome face,
In the world's code assigned a *higher* place
Than *loftiest* virtues—and, to crown the whole,
An ample fortune at his own control.
What means did such a being not possess,
Both for his own and others' happiness.
The pilgrim, journeying on life's thorny road,
He might have lightened of a heavy load;
How many an eye, by tears of sorrow dim,
Might then have brightened at the name of him!
What faded hopes might not his hand renew,
What deeds of charity could he not do!
From Virtue's path he might remove the snares,
And he had cheaply purchased orphans' prayers.
Oh! to each talent faithless, and unjust
To Him who gave the delegated trust,
How shall thy audit stand on that sad day
When truth shall meet each act with searching ray,
When all the ill performed shall swell the list
Of means neglected and occasions missed.

Now, meteor like, upon the town he blazed,
While meaner beings envied as they gazed.
Each giddy maze of Fashions wheel he ran,
In Reason's eye a lost, predestined man.
For vulgar sports he had too fine a mind,
In him no patron could the bruiser find;
The coachman's art he left in pure disdain
To lawful holders of the whip and rein;
Such small ambitions his contemptuous eye
As-play things of the little great passed by;
Yet he had master passions in his breast,
Which, like the Prophet's rod, absorbed the rest.
Passions, his principles could ill resist—
In short, he was a polished Sensualist.
He was surrounded by a honied throng,
Laugh'd out of right, and flatter'd into wrong,
Duped by the sycophant's seducing lie,
"Golden opinions" he had means to buy;
Him, vanity led captive in that thrall
Whose silken fetters bind—but never gall;
Drunk with the incense by which knavery rules
Superior minds—the sacrifice of fools.

On each expensive pleasure he was bent,
Which they who live for pleasure could invent
With rosy bands to stay Time's noiseless wing,
And rob this scene of trial of its sting.
Yet these he might have conquered; he had broke
With ease the Syren's ignominious yoke,
And Time had shown him what confiding youth
Had failed to see of falsehood or of truth,
Had not one deeper passion ruled his soul
Worse than the worst, more dangerons than the whole.
He went where no temptation and no snare
Seduced his feet—he wanted nothing there;
Nothing the gamester's luckiest stars supply
Could add a comfort, scarce a luxury.
'Twas not the thirst of others' gold to hoard;
His own like water he had freely pour'd,
But strong infatuation urged him on,
Till wealth, and peace, and honour, all were gone,
For had Golconda glittered through his hands
Or famed Pactolus left her golden sands,

Not both—a gambler's ransom could defray,
Nor pall the hunger of the demon—Play.
Oh for a warning, loud as that which rung
From an archangel's woe-denouncing tongue
On earth's inhabitants, that I might tell
The deep despair prepared by fiends of Hell,
For him who strays where Mammon's smile invites,
And bloodiest Moloch celebrates his rites.
There the grim idols sit enthroned—and there,
Deaf to the widow's moan, the orphan's prayer,
The human sacrifice is nightly piled
Midst maniac howlings and distortions wild,
The proper emblem of that house of woe,
Where worms for ever gnaw, and fires for ever
glow.
In scenes like these were pass'd the night and day,
Till all the dignity of man gave way,
And odious passions, without sign of grace,
Born in the heart, were pictured in the face;
Not Pandemonium itself could see
Spirits more reckless, more accursed than he,

Himself a Hell—but who shall dare relate
The sure gradations of a gamester's fate,
From the first hopes, on thousands hung, and crost,
To the last guinea, borrowed, staked, and lost.
Yet in his ruin had he stood alone,
He had less sorrow, less compunction known.
But she, his widow'd mother, she had lent,
Intreated, wept in vain, till all was spent.
His heart was broken, as a bow o'erstrained,
And misery's cup to its last dregs was drained.
Oh, in her quiver Conscience has no dart,
Barbed with such venom to the suffering heart;
None with such bitterness of anguish fraught,
As, on the heads that loved us, to have brought
Ruin and woe—and such he had to bear—
To deepen crime and aggravate despair—

* * * * * *

In a small chamber of a house obscure,
Known as a dwelling for the humblest poor,
Where glimmers one small solitary light,
But to increase the horror of the sight,

A form is stooping o'er a wretched bed—
Her hands support another's drooping head;
That head is agonized with racking pains,
And the blood rushes through the boiling veins;
While quiv'ring limbs, and pangs that inly dart—
Proclaim the poison gnawing at the heart;
Wild are his words, and wilder are his tones,
And from his bosom burst the frequent groans;
She from his forehead wipes the cold, damp dew,
Till fainter, each succeeding struggle grew;
Then, as he fixed on her his glazing eye,
One sacred word absorbed his dying sigh,
And ere the morn's first struggling beam had blush'd,
The scene of misery and guilt was hush'd.

IV.

ROSANNE.

I.

The dial's finger points the hour of TEN!
And the first music of its silver bell
Rung sadly on the ear of one—for then
Came parting, and that dismal word—farewell.
Yet he was pledged, and he might not rebel—
He rose, and pressed her hand, then spake a word
Which on the maiden wrought as by a spell,
Deeply she blushed, although *alone* she heard
The voice which to their depths her woman's feelings stirred.

II.

He is departed—and her following eyes
  Have gained their sweet serenity again;
Yet on her father's placid brow, there lies
  A smile half playful—not unmixed with pain;
While her fond mother, anxious to restrain
  Her rising feelings, turns away her face.
Futile expedient! and attempt how vain!
  Rushes Rosanne into her warm embrace,
And now, their mingled tears flow silently apace.

III.

Oh, how akin to grief is happiness;
  Who would not deem—this weeping group to see—
That some o'erwhelming cause of deep distress
  Had fallen suddenly upon the three?
Not so—to-morrow, and Rosanne will be
  The fond—confiding—and the happy bride
Of one who loved her long and tenderly;
  Of one, whose virtues justify her pride,
And, with her parents' wish, her choice is ratified.

IV.

Rare is such union on earth—forsooth
The stars 'gainst lovers bear unholy spite,
"The course of true love never did run smooth;"
Alas, the saying is as *true* as *trite*.
Yet here one happy instance we may cite
Of love that knew no "agony," but ran
In the calm "course" of sunshine and delight,
From the deep blush that answered for Rosanne,
To that important moment when our tale began.

V.

The only olive-branch that Heav'n did spare
To grace their table, and to bless their sight;
All that was left of many blossoms, where
The tree was once with richest promise white,
Such was Rosanne; and it may well excite
The heart's deep trembling and the purest tears,
(E'en where the hopes are promising and bright)
To yield such solace of declining years
Into another's charge, and such were now their fears.

VI.

They deem'd this solemn hour might be the last
Which they might spend together; they might meet
No more on this side Heaven. These feelings past,
A calm succeeded, and their bosoms beat
Less painfully as in communion sweet,
Her parents pour'd their blessings on her head.
Then came the well-known signal for retreat,
The kiss succeeded, and the prayer was read,
And each in holy frame now sought a peaceful bed.

VII.

Strong in her faith, of clear and open soul,
Rosanne the young, the innocent, the fair,
Entered her chamber, and a slight blush stole
The lily from her brow—for on a chair
Her bridal vestments lay arranged with care,
And be her maiden vanity forgiven,
A silver rose she placed upon her hair;
But soon the transient thought away is driven,
She drops the flow'r, and turns her dark blue eyes to Heav'n.

VIII.

To Him who what is best, best understood;
Oh with what fervency of soul she pray'd
That He would make her holy, pure, and good;
No word for her own happiness e'er stray'd
Into the prayer of this betrothéd maid,
Goodness was happiness in her pure creed—
Not to be purchased, were all India laid
A dowry at her feet, yet in her need
If God her portion was—oh! she was rich indeed.

IX.

It is a gracious sight in form so young,
To see devotion's heavenly spirit there;
A gracious sound to hear a youthful tongue
Pour forth the simple eloquence of pray'r.
Oh! what rich blessings may not others share
By early faith and piety brought down!
What anchor for themselves do they prepare,
"Stedfast and sure" in earth's severest frown,
Who discipline the soul for an immortal crown.

X.

She rose refreshed, as they will rise who seek
Strength in submission to superior will;
Her head is on her pillow, and "her meek
And quiet spirit" now is hush'd and still,
Yet visions of delight her slumbers fill,
And brilliant dreams which fancy could not paint,
Float o'er her brain and all their balm distil,
Scenes that might cause the waking sense to faint,
Yet pure as ever trance that bless'd the holiest saint.

XI.

Yet something of the morrow is mixed up
With all the images that fill her mind—
Still something of that joy's delicious cup
Prepared for her, is pictured as design'd
A foretaste of the bliss she is to find;
The white-stoled priest, the altar, and the pray'r;
"Virgins that be her fellows," and who bind
The wreaths of roses in her flowing hair,
All is confused she sees—yet every thing is there.

XII.

Thus passed her first and joyous sleeping hours,
But now she restless grows, the frequent start
Betrays uneasy sleep—ye guardian powers,
Who watch o'er innocence, your aid impart.
"A change is o'er her dream"—her lab'ring heart
Beats fearfully—her breathing now is thick,
Is it the fabled night-mare's cruel art
That works this outrage? and behold how quick
Her fluttering pulses play, until her soul is sick.

XIII.

There is a wild and hurried noise without,
And hasty feet are running to and fro;
And hark, there comes a wild terrific shout,
And a loud knocking at the doors below,
Follow'd by smoke, whose dense black volumes show
That the house blazed with internal fires;
Then bursts a loud appalling shriek—ah no,
It must not be—oh, say not, truth requires,
It is Rosanne's wild shriek, who in that shriek expires.

XIV.

This is an awful sketch, and if it shake
The faith of one in Heaven's all-seeing eye—
Or if one timid spirit it shall make
Doubtful of prayer, if faith too hard it try,
Or if obedience stagger—I reply—
On you who falsely reason be the blame,
For we are God's, he knows the when, the why,
Who may dispute? for he his own may claim
By quick or ling'ring death—in pestilence, or flame.

V.

CRESSULA.*

They come—and in their path of fire
  Come rapine, and dismay;
Nor is the whirlwind in its ire
  More terrible than they.
The stroke that deals death's welcome blow,
The tenderest mercy they bestow.

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* The anecdote from which this slight sketch, with many variations, is taken, is related by Mr. Blaquiere. Sofia Condulimo was the wife of an officer of distinction who fell during the seige of Messolonghi. When the Turks entered the town, she sought to escape the fury of the enemy by quitting the walls, accompanied by her son and daughter. They had not proceeded far, when the mother perceived a party of Turks coming towards them. Horrified at the fate which was about to befal her daughter, a beautiful girl of sixteen, she turned to the son, who was armed, and told him to shoot his sister, lest she should become a victim of Mussulman brutality. The youth drew a pistol from his girdle, and obeyed the dreadful mandate.

And sooth to tell—'twere better far,
To find a glorious death
Beneath the Turkish scymitar,
Than draw the dungeon's breath,
The Heathen's scorn, the tyrant's curse,
In dark captivity, or worse.

They come—the Turkish hordes, who spare,
In passion's mad career,
No victim, to a Christian's pray'r;
Nothing that Greeks revere,
Nor age nor sex, betrothed nor wed,
Nor infant limb, nor hoary head.

Oh the pulse quickens but to write,
And the heart bleeds to tell
The horrors of that dreadful night
When Messolonghi fell—
When Lust and Murder, drunk with gore,
Ruled as they never ruled before.

Behold yon group of flying Greeks,
A widow'd mother she,
Who, with her children, vainly seeks
The mountain's sanctuary.
A daughter, beautiful as young,
A boy whose soul to death is strung.

Speed, speed, the Turkish horsemen press,
Their tramp is in your ear;
Each moment and your hopes are less,
And your pursuers near.
Speed! Speed! ere your escape be crost,
Speed, fleetest speed, or ye are lost.

They halt, and for a moment's space,
The mother grasps her child,
Whom straining in a brief embrace
Then bitterly she smiled,
"Tyrants, you 're foil'd! now, now, my Son,
Strike home," the word and deed are one.

The maiden fell, her dying eye
Flash'd brightly as she bled ;
And there was triumph in her cry,
As her young spirit fled.
Well did the heroic mother read,
That look, that cry approved the deed.

Then did that fearless pair stand still
Like hunted stags at bay,
"And now, barbarians, wreak your will,"
She cries—"there lies your prey."
"She was a Greek, and would have died
"A thousand deaths for woman's pride."

VI.

THE STUDENT.

Death's hand is on him; but his eye is bright,
And ever flashes with unearthly light—
A burning spot is on his cheek, akin
To those consuming fires that rage within;
His walk is feeble, and his heavy tread
Tells that th' elastic step of hope is fled,
Scarce less a shadow than the shade which falls
In morning's sunshine on the southern walls;
When, tempted by the brightness, he will try
To catch a glimpse of Nature ere he die;
Not as he saw and worshipped when a boy,
On his own hills with a delirious joy,

But such reflection of his face he sees
As cities yield of grass, and flowers, and trees,
Such as in Parks, and London Squares are seen,
Where dingy olive vies with dusty green.

Yet well he knew, that the same sun which now
Beams with faint warmth upon his clammy brow,
Howe'er obscured—is still that cherished sun,
Whose rising and his own in youth were one,
And whose departing glory in the west
Was the bright lamp that lit him to his rest.

He is resigned to die; for life to him
As past is joyless, and, as future, dim;
He knew its vanities—had fame pursued
With ardent soul through each vicissitude,
As mind with matter waged unequal strife,
And as with midnight oil he drained the lamp of life.

Him Oxford sent, a Scholar deeply read,
With all her classic honours on his head,
(Of the year's galaxy her brightest star)
To grope through terms and dinners to the Bar;
That lottery of fame and fortune—where
To one who gains, a thousand in despair

Have turned their backs upon the tardy prize,
And sought a humbler fate, and brighter skies.
Law, and the studies of the Law, his mind
Too soon adopted, and too soon resigned;
Careless of health, and prodigal of time,
He sought the regions sterile but sublime,
With venturous aim and wing of fire to soar,
Where the immortal Milton led before;
To find, like Milton, "no fit audience," bent
On his high theme and solemn argument.
Still as the Tempter beckoned he obeyed,
And, with a spirit unsubdued, he strayed
Into those paths which Newton trod, to find
How weak the highest efforts of the mind
To fix attention, in a trifling age;
And Science proved a barren heritage.
What he became—as his small means grew less,
He blushed to think—a hireling of the Press!
To squeeze the grape, while others quaffed the wine;
And write that others upon plate might dine;
To see with scorn, or with contempt more calm,
Triumphant Dullness bear away the palm;

To feel that bitterness of heart which flows
From conscious powers in indolent repose;
To find in every channel he could seek,
The race was to the slow, the battle to the weak.
With amorous songs he could not youth entice,
Nor pamper passion with poetic spice;
He could not rave in misanthropic lays,
Nor for a dinner barter venal praise;
A tale with feeble elegance to pen,
Required of books less knowledge than of men;
His classic temper he could not dilute;
No annual trifle his high thoughts would suit;
He was above the spirit of the time,
And he is dying now in manhood's prime;
Much from the toil of study; but much more
From the deep wrongs his wounded spirit bore;
Like Learnings' highest votaries, he has found
The Laurel poisons whom it should have crown'd.
Yet is he not alone—his ebbing life
Is watched by her—that gentle anxious wife,
The tenderest nurse that e'er held aching head,
The truest friend that e'er watched dying bed.

She gained his "lettered heart" when both were
young,
And through each trial she has firmly clung,
With such fidelity, as flowers display
To some proud ruin, splendid in decay,
That give their fragrance, and their foliage wave,
Striving to honour whom they cannot save—
She thinks not of the hour when she may be
A lonely widow in her misery;
One present thought alone usurps her breast,
How his affliction she may lighten best.
With him she prays—to him she daily reads
The words of comfort, which his weakness needs,
He feels their weight, and as resign'd he grows,
She gains the consolation she bestows.
Oh well did he, the Heaven-instructed wise,
Declare what wealth in virtuous woman lies;
That pearl of nameless price, whom God hath lent
To be her husband's grace and ornament;
To her for light and solace he may turn,
And from her teaching, wisdom's self may learn;

Yes! from her bright example man may gain
Patience, the surest antidote to pain;
The humble spirit, and the will resign'd,
Triumphant faith, the meek and quiet mind;
All that the soul to its best duties moves,
And all that blesses earth, and all that Heaven approves.

VII.

THE FELON.

"Shall I begin, and step by step retrace
The odious progress of a sinner's race.
No; let me hasten rather to the time,
Sure to arrive, when misery waits on crime.

CRABBE.

Hysteric moans from yonder cell,
Hearts, breaking in a last farewell,
And all the fearful modes, which grief
That knows no limit—no relief—
Indulges—like the whirlwind's blast,
Impetuous—but too fierce to last;
Such grief—so wild in its career,
Now bursts upon the startled ear.

Nor cold—nor listless falls each groan
On ears accustomed to the tone;
Official sternness drops the tear—
Nature will vindicate her own.

Alone—without one human eye,
Or human solace near,
He knows, to-morrow, he must die—
His hours are numbered here.

The heart is bursting with its weight,
The tongue is inarticulate;
Cold dews hang heavy on his brow—
His hands are clench'd in anguish now;
His fix'd, yet sightless eyes, express
A statue—mute and motionless.

A lengthen'd groan new life bespeaks,
And slowly melt upon his cheeks
The drops so long congeal'd—and roll
In silent comfort to his soul.

Fall fast, ye welcome dews—flow on,
  Ye harbingers of Peace!
Ere life be fled, to reason gone,
  His bursting heart release.

This travail of his soul shall try,
Beyond all other agony;
For what is Death's most fearful form—
Oh, what to this internal storm?
In this extreme of woe, Oh, where
Is solace for such deep despair?
Where is the power that can dispel
Death's sorrows, and the pains of Hell?
Few are thy hours, thy hours of grace—
But what to *Him* are time and space,
With whom whole ages roll'd away,
Or countless years are but a day.

Oh, in thy peril's darkest hour,
  Thine help is from above—
God *can* relieve, for he is—Power—
  He will—for he is—Love.

Oh, yet, ere morning dawns—thy Faith,
Thy Prayers may conquer Death;
The Grave its triumph may resign,
And the great victory be thine;
The prize may yet be won—the race
Is not yet lost.———
Night wanes apace!
Behold him on his knees—each look
Is rivetted on that one book.
On this, his very soul is set—
Its leaves with many a tear are wet,
And many a sob and broken pray'r,
A conflict, deep and great, declare.

Oh, that the light of Heaven may rise
In peaceful splendour to his eyes.
The Sun of Righteousness may bring
The dews of healing on his wing,
That Hope may whisper to his breast
Its prelude to eternal rest!

The night is pass'd, as pass it will,
To those who watch, and those who sleep—
The same bright morn, revealing still
The eyes that gladden, or that weep—
All is prepar'd—the crowd are met,
His step is firm, his look compos'd,
Yet still his eager eyes are set
On that bright page—ne'er to be clos'd
Till Death shall loosen from his grasp,
The Pow'r that took from Death his sting;
Long as his fetter'd hands *can* clasp
So long to this dear book they cling—
One struggle—and but only one—
'Tis o'er—the work of Death is done.

There is a mourner at his bier,
God grant her patience at this hour:
God grant her but a single tear,
To ease the tortures that o'erpower—
It is a mother, now that stands
Beside his corpse—she grasps his hands,

And strives—but who shall dare to name—
Such struggles o'er a child of shame—
———a Mother!—God alone
Has pow'r to speak to such an one—
To put her dreadful load away
Is given to none—
For who in his own strength, can say
"Thy will be done."

Desolate mourner! childless now!—
O think not on the time when thou
Didst watch thy cradled babe, and bless
The Pow'r that gave him to thy pray'r,
When thou didst guard this only care
With more than mother's watchfulness.
Forbear—for dark was his career—
He knew no bonds of faith or fear.
The rest his present fate may tell,
The trial found him weak—he fell.
Yet *may* that fall, have sav'd his soul—
That fall—perchance, has made him whole.

E'en on the cross the dying thief
Sought mercy and obtained it there;
Thy child's repentant hours were brief,
Yet may hope triumph o'er despair;
And penitence may gain by grace
A humbler crown—a lower place,
Where every crown awarded yet
Was gained of grace—and not of *debt*.
The Prodigal in grief may win
His home—his Father's arms again;
That Saviour may forgive his sin,
Who spar'd the weeping Magdalen,
And He who show'd his lost estate,
He would not leave him desolate;
The work begun, He would fulfil;
He be *Thy* hope—Thy comfort still.

VIII.

THE BIBLE.

(Versified from Hervie, 1703.)

The Bible! yes! the Book! the words define
That sacred Page whose Author is divine,
The Book of books! and, if perused aright,
The fount of wisdom and the source of light,
Of light immortal, shining on his way
Who walks by faith, unto the perfect day.
Ho! ye who thirst! here living waters flow,
And he who drinks no thirst again shall know;
Here for the hungry is a table spread;
Here for God's people is the heavenly bread,
The manna from the skies—divine supply!
Of which who eateth right shall never die.

Bethesda's healing waters here are found
A cure for every sickness, every wound;
Come rich and poor, come each afflicted soul,
The good Physician wills, and ye are whole;
No ghostly danger fear, no tempter's spell,
No powers of darkness, nor the gates of hell.
And here the eye of faith may realize
The unseen promise and the hidden prize;
Here every saint may antedate his bliss,
And bring the tempers of a better world to this.
Here in this faithful mirror man may see,
Both what he is and what he ought to be;
Whether by nature or by sin subdued
The slave of Satan—or of God renewed.
The Christian warrior arming for the fight
May here put on the panoply of light;
Here is the whole artillery of Heav'n,
From hence each spiritual arm is giv'n,
And thus your feet with righteous sandals shod,
Your shield of faith, your sword the word of God,
Go forth, and in this heavenly armour stand,
And the great fight shall prosper in your hand.

God has revealed in this most holy page
His sovereign will to every distant age;
On all who humbly ask he will bestow
The light to choose the good, to shun the woe;
And blind, oh madly blind, are such as stray,
The guide so willing, and so plain the way.

Thou Christian mariner on life's rough sea,
Bound on thy voyage to Eternity,
Furnished with such a chart, may'st safely sail,
Thou hast a Pilot here, who cannot fail;
Thy Cynosure is here, oh! steer by this
And gain the haven of eternal bliss.

It is the Book of God! the God of Books!
Pedants, be mute, restrain your haughty looks;
It is a transcript of the Eternal Mind,
Nor, till amidst your ponderous tomes ye find,
One which this peerless volume can outshine,
Will I relinquish title so divine.
The God of Books! a message from above,
"Truth is its matter," and its spirit—love.

IX.

PÆSTUM.

Wrecks of the mighty! relics of the dead!
Who may remove the veil which time has spread?
Who pierce the darkness resting on your name,
Or from oblivion's eddies snatch your fame?
Yet, as we gaze on Pæstum's mouldering walls,
Fancy the days of former pride recalls,
And at her bidding, lo! the Tyrrhene shore
Swarms with its countless multitudes once more,
And bright pavilions rise! her magic art
Peoples each street, and throngs each busy mart,
In quick succession, her creative power
Restores the splendour of Phœnicia's hour,
Tells how the leaves of some unyielding rose
Scared the luxurious Sybarite's repose,

Proclaims the thraldom of Leucania's sway,
Now Rome's imperial slave, and now the Vandal's prey.
But Truth, with sterner eye, beholds a waste
Where Solitude usurps the realm of Taste;
Where once the doubly-blooming roses smiled,
The nettle triumphs, and the thorn runs wild;
Primæval silence broods upon the plain,
And ruin holds her desolate domain.
Yet here, in massive pride, some fragments stand,
Colossal triumphs of a master's hand,
Sepulchral trophies of the past, that tower
In proud derision of barbaric power,
That still survive, to mock with front sublime,
The spoiler's vengeance, and the strifes of time.
Majestic Fanes, your giant forms display
The solid grandeur of that early day.
Whose ripening art and chaster skill we trace
Soft'ning Egyptian bulk with Doric grace;
Ere Athens knew to raise in purer style
The airy columns of the Ionic pile,

Long ere with flowery sculpture "*richly dight*,"
Corinthian splendour burst upon the sight.
Deserted shrines of deities unknown,
What years of change have o'er your ruins flown,
Since your walls echoed to the sacred choir,
Or blazed your altar's sacrificial fire;
And now the classic pilgrim sighs and sees,
The wild bird nestling in each crumbling frieze,
Sees each proud shaft by desert weeds embraced,
Sculpture obscured—entablatures defaced;
Sees ill-timed verdure clothe the ruined pile,
And nature lend that melancholy smile,
A misplaced garniture of flowers, that shed
A fragrance, as in mockery of the dead.
Yes; we but see a vanished nation's shroud,
Left as a standing lesson for the proud;
And ye false Gods, whate'er your rites have been,
No trace is visible, no vestige seen—
Idols ye were; and at Jehovah's frown,
Your "Nebo stooped, your Bel has bowéd down;"
And scarce can Babylon herself show less,
Of what was pomp, and now is "*nothingness*."

X.

TO MY HORSE

CONDEMNED TO BE SHOT.

And must we part, my old, my faithful friend,
And part for ever too? and yet no line
Commemorate thy virtues and thy worth?
Forbid it; oh forbid it every tie
Of gratitude and love. For I have felt
For thee, poor animal, love more sincere
Than half the friendships that this world can boast,
And gratitude as honest and as true
As ever man for fellow man has shown.
Oh, out upon the heart, the sordid soul,
Now that thy limbs are cramped with age and pain
That bids me *sell* thee (fie upon the word).

Yes, doom the remnant of thy feeble life
To drudgery, to want, to worse than death.
And have I then, indeed, a heart so base,
So dead to feeling as to see unmoved,
Him who has borne me, aye, and safely too,
For eight long years; him who has never shrunk
From any toil imposed, however hard,
Groaning beneath the tasker's heavy load,
Scourged, galled, over-burthen'd, and reproach
In every strain of his yet willing limbs?
If heart so dead—if feelings such are mine;
May I, when age and all its train of ills
O'ertake me; when this weak and palsied hand
Has lost its cunning; when these eyes are dim,
And every paralytic limb refuse
Its wonted office; then may I appeal
To others' pity, but appeal in vain;
May I unfriended to my grave go down,
As one who had no "mercy for his beast."
Poor beast—alas, new memory recalls
Thy feats of strength, thy journies numberless,
I fear I oft have harshly used thee; oft

I fear that warmth and petulance and haste
Have given the spur when thou deserv'dst it not,
The whip applied when I should have carest,
Yes oft with cheerful converse when beguiled
I heeded not how fast the moments flew,
And drowsy grooms have waited my return,
I then have goaded thee beyond thy strength,
I then have urged thee far beyond thy powers,
And though thy cheerful pace another day
Has proved my cruel treatment did not live
In *thy* remembrance, yet it must in mine.
Farewell, my generous steed, with grief I say
Thy days are numbered, and thy work is done;
A few short hours and thou wilt be no more,
Wilt be as thou hadst never been—in peace,
Thou shalt descend to thy appointed grave,
Beneath yon stately elm, never to wake.
I would that I were with thee; if, like thine,
My hopes and prospects ended with this world,
Like thee I could depart, and leave like thee
The toils and troubles of a life like this;
But no, I pay this tribute to thy worth,

And join with listless hands and aching heart
The crowds that press before me, but who ne'er
Will lend a hand to raise their fellows up
Who fall around them; I indeed am fallen!
Oppression's foot hath trampled me to earth,
And misery's iron grasp is hard upon me.
Oh I have nourished proud rebellious thought,
Till I had well nigh perished in the fires
Which I had kindled, lightnings have scathed
And blasted which had o'er me harmless passed,
Had I but sought a refuge near as sure.
Oh, THOU! whose temple is the humble heart,
Whose sacrifice a spirit bowed and broken,
Thou, by whom guilt's first penitential tear
Is welcomed 'midst the gratulating strains
Of holy angels in thy realms above,
Oh hear and bless, and sanctify the prayer,
Pour'd in the anguish of a troubled mind;
Oh mine eternal surety, raise my thoughts
From earth and earth's affections, teach me still
Dependence upon thee; brutes may perish,
But man shall spring eternal from the tomb,

And rise to liberty and life—yes faith
Shall number every grain of dust,
And reunite the whole in flesh again;
Oh then, though present sorrow be my lot,
I will pursue my way rejoicing, look
Beyond the gath'ring clouds above my head,
Pierce with the eye of confidence and faith
The veil that lies between me and my peace,
Bear with imparted strength a daily cross,
And trust in Him who ordereth the ways
Of me, of all, of every thing, for good.

XI.

ABSENCE.

Lost is our Lady,—She whose converse gay
Winged the bright hours and gladdened every day;
She, at whose presence care and sorrow fled,
Who sat as *Hope*, beside the dying bed;
Who knelt as *Faith*, to point the cotter's pray'r;
And who, as *Charity*, smiled every where.
When the bright Sun in Heav'n unmarked may set,
Our Lady may depart, nor we regret.
Regret, how feebly may that word reveal
The loss we suffer, and the void we feel;
The silent mansion, Louis' * whimpering cry,
The vacant chair that wakes the gazer's sigh;

* A favourite dog.

These, and a thousand nameless traits confess
How great the chasm in our happiness.
And Nature cannot choose but sympathize,
We see but drooping flow'rs and weeping skies;
The wind is sighing through the withered leaves,
And in each hollow gust a spirit grieves.
As Memnon's statue once, the poets say,
With grateful music hail'd the Lord of day,
So now thy harp its *absent* mistress owns
By broken chords and melancholy tones.
Lady, return, and let thy presence cheer
The fading glories of the waning year;
Lady, return, thy gracious influence lend
To bless thy husband, and to cheer thy friend;
Give to thy poet Milton's theme unfeign'd
The lost restored—a Paradise regain'd.

XII.

LINES

written on the 25th October, 1819,

THE LAST ANNIVERSARY OF THE LATE KING'S ACCESSION.

Another year—a year of solitude,
Of darkness, yet of peace, has pass'd, and he,
The father of his people, knows it not;
Alike to him all seasons and their change,
His eyes are rayless, and his heart is cold;
He wields a barren sceptre, yet his brow,
Although of regal diadem displaced, still wears
A crown of glory; his the hoary head
Found in the way of righteousness and truth.

Oh, thou our "Father," thou our "Prince and Friend,"
How many a sight that would have grieved thine eyes,
How many a scene that would have wrung thy heart,
Has God withheld, and thine affliction spared.
The rose of England withered in its prime,
The voice of wailing was in every tent,
Yes grief lay heavy on each heart but thine,
And thy day passed unruffled as before.
The partner of thy hopes when hope was young,
She who had shared thy fondest, earliest love,
And ministered to every sorrow, she,
Fell by sharp sickness and a lingering death,
But thou hadst neither sigh nor tear to give.
Sovereign and Sire, amidst the griefs that vex
Thy brave and patient people, oh, 'tis well
That Heav'n the chords of sympathy hath rent,
And thou art spared all knowledge of their wrongs.
Yet thou art not forgotten; dear thou wast
In happier moments, and oh dearer far
Now that the "hand of God hath touched thee;"

Hallow'd by all the memory of the past
Shall be this day, sacred by length of years,
And sanctified by sorrow, mayest thou reach
In Heaven's appointed time, thy last abode
The Paradise of God, where every tear
Is wiped from every eye. * * * *

XIII.

SONNET

To ———

I have a rose of thine; unseen it fell
From the rich clusters of thy glossy hair,
Upon a night which I remember well,
And I have kept it with a miser's care,
A relic, for idolatrous despair
To gaze on, 'till to nature's feelings true,
My eart'ı found something oft reviving there
Too like its youthful freshness, ere' it knew
The curse that wither'd, and the blight that threw
All its affections into shade and gloom.
Oh with *such* thoughts, what have I *now* to do,
It were as tho' the flowers of spring should bloom
On Autumn's bosom, virtuous Lady, no!
'Tis not a crime to feel, but what I feel to *show*.

XIV.

CUPID.

HEU QUANTUM MUTATUS.

Where is that Cupid, whose victorious bow
Once "conquer'd all," and spared nor high nor low,
Whose flowery fetters long enslaved mankind,
Forged by a child—a little boy—and blind.
His reign is past, another Cupid now
Stalks with sharp eager eyes and scowling brow,
A cunning calculating knave, intent
On the deep mysteries of cent per cent.
His plume a single feather, which he dips
In a dark dye, and bears between his lips;
He carries parchments, and his fingers hold
The scales with which he weighs the dow'ry gold;
He plies no random shafts, selects his aim,
And finds where Stock and Sterling herd—his game;

Deals in well-timbered woods his master strokes,
And lords it less o'er hearts than over oaks.
He sings no amorous lay, but sits and reads
The mystic *words* that speak of title *deeds*,
He rests on violet banks no languid limb,
The Bank of England is the Bank for him;
Nor Bull nor Lion he triumphant rides,
But *Bullion* is the golden *beast* he guides;
He takes no cold by midnight serenade,
The men of Law his *instruments* have made;
His doves are *stock* doves, and no *notes* have place
In his regard, except the *notes* of *Hase*.
Lord of the Treasury, Master of the Mint,
This is our Cupid; Ladies, take the hint;
In short a money-loving God is he,
Called by his votaries—*Cupidity*.

XV.

To S—— AND E—— T——.

Innocent girls, who hand in hand have trod
The spring path of your lives in happiness;
Oh through the seasons yet to come, may God
Be with you still, to comfort and to bless.

May He who numbers you on earth a part
Of this dear happy family of love,
Assign your portion with the pure in heart,
In his own "holy family" above.

XVI.

To ———,

WITH A VOLUME.

For Christian love unwearied ever,
For friendship in the "evil day,"
For many a patient fond endeavour
To sooth a heart from peace astray.

Accept, but language vainly tries
To follow grateful memory,
Oh when the grave between us lies,
Keep this memorial of me.

Of one whose life in storms though past
Was tinged with friendship's holiest ray:
While Faith, the brightest at the last,
Gilded the clouds of parting day.

Keep this memorial of me,
  Draw comfort hence as once he drew
Whose prayer while yet on earth, shall be
  The pray'r for Heaven's own peace for you.

The world may frown, the tempest lower,
  And flesh beneath life's sorrow quail,
Then may this little Book have power
  When other Comforters shall fail.

XVII.

LINES

WRITTEN IN SICKNESS, AND ALONE.

I had a wish as fond as vain to die,
While one who cared for me was watching by,
To tend life's closing scene with love sincere,
To smooth the pillow, and to sooth the fear,
That dying fear which by the best is shared,
And I alas, God knows, am ill prepared;
But Heaven denies, unwatched my sand must run,
And I must learn to feel whose "will is done."
Beside my couch the selfish hireling stands
With mind unwilling and reluctant hands,
And offices of love by those are paid
Who live by sickness, and in death who trade.

Why should I murmur? there is one above
Who if His eye look on with pitying love,
Who if He shadow with His guardian wing,
Death has no terror, and the grave no sting.
Oh! if with Him my last communion be,
He from this worldly strife my soul shall free;
He will the loss of friends most loved supply,
And fix on Him my "unreverted eye."
If He the guide, the comforter is near,
Not Death's dark valley shall my spirit fear;
No, though the world forsake if He be nigh;
Unwatched I shall not fall—*alone* I shall not die.

XVIII.

SONNET.

To ——

I saw Affection's pure and holy dew
Stand in her glistening eyes, and they were bent
On one, whose manly tones were eloquent,
And from a wealthy mine rich ore he drew.
She stood like Eve in beauty, like her too
On the Archangel's mighty theme intent,
Unconscious of her charms, and her heart sent
Its feeling to her eyes of deepest blue.
She heard her father's voice, and she was proud;
Yet holier feelings in a purer shrine
Were never lodged; oh, height of this world's bliss,
Thou happy child, to own a sire endowed
With gifts so vast and various; and thine,
Dear friend, a happier lot to boast a child *like this*.

XIX.

LINES

written under a Drawing of Hucknall Church,

THE BURIAL PLACE OF LORD BYRON.

The loftiest Cenotaph that pride could raise
To deck the pile did art and wealth combine,
Byron! would render thee but niggard praise,
Pomp cannot honour genius such as thine.

Look at this humble fane! within its walls,
All of the poet "that could die" is here;
And many a kindred mind the spot recalls,
To many a pilgrim heart the place is dear.

Yet the poor hind who sleeps beneath the sod,
And Gordon's ashes are in equal trust;
His tomb can honour not the House of God,
A village Church ennobles Byron's dust.

Here may his plaintive pray'r * be granted best,
Wrung from a spirit in its strife severe;
Here he may gain what earth denied him—rest;
And they who envied him, may "*think and fear.*†"

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* "Some of the epitaphs at Ferrara (said he, in one of those many letters which breathed an ominous presentiment of early death); some of the epitaphs at Ferrara please me more than the splendid monuments at Bologna; for instance, *Martini Lerigi implora pace; Lucrezia Picini implora eterna quiete*—Can any thing be more full of pathos. These few words say all that can be said or sought. The dead had had enough of life, all they wanted was rest, and this they implore. Here is all the helplessness and humble hope and death-like prayer that can arise from the grave—IMPLORA PACE! I hope whoever may survive me will see these two words, and no more, put over me.

We are not approving the sentiment, for it does not belong to pure Christianity; we allude only to the state of mind, the groan of suffering humanity, which dictated the pathetic request.

† Wordsworth.

XX.

STANZAS,

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE

LITERARY FUND SOCIETY,

MAY 21, 1822.

Lo! by the stream of Babylon
  The captive Israel weeps her fate,
Far from her home—her glory gone,
  Her habitation desolate.
No more her wonted strains are sung,
Her Harp is on the willows hung.

Child of the Muse! thou too hast wept
Thy woes in solitary pray'r;
Thy Lyre in long neglect has slept
O'er the dark waters of Despair;
And thou hast known the chains that bind
In bitter thrall the captive mind.

On thee the smile of Bounty fell,
On thee descended Mercy's dew,
And broken was the with'ring spell,
That Penury o'er Genius threw.
In the pure air that Freedom gives,
Thy Harp awakes—thy Spirit lives!

Child of the Muse! how sweet the theme
That speaks of Light and Life restor'd!
As, touch'd by Morning's gentle beam,
Its grateful notes the Statue pour'd,
So warm'd by Pity's ray divine,
The early strain of praise is thine.

The Mother who in grief's excess,
  Shrunk from her Child's imploring eye,
Like Hagar in the Wilderness—
  "Let me not see the Sufferer die!"
To her the Angel Pity show'd
The Spring whence her relief has flow'd.

Friends of distress! be your best fame
  The Homage of the Hearts ye raise!
May distant climes still bless your name!
  And foreign tongues still speak your praise!
Wide as the World your scene! and free
As Heaven's own gifts your charity!

XXI.

STANZAS

ON THE SAME OCCASION,

1823.

Though Genius in his day of pride
Move gaily with the favouring tide,
  Yet wreck and death are near;
Or if his bark outlive the gale,
With anchor lost and shiver'd sail,
  He finds a haven—here.

Here may the eye of anguish turn,
Where Mercy's beacons brightly burn,
  Through Sorrow's stormy night;
While billows that engulph the soul
Flash the pure radiance as they roll,
  And sparkle in the light.

Here, gush the living springs that flow
In streams of peace to hearts of woe,
With silent, healing power;
Heaven's blessing aids your generous zeal,
Nor fails the cruise, nor wastes the meal,
In Famine's evil hour.

Blest is this Temple, pure these rites—
And He whom Mercy more delights
Than sacrifice will see
Well pleased, the Noble and the Good
Leagued in this holy brotherhood—
The Priests of Charity!

XXII.

THE DOUBLE BLOSSOMING ALMOND.

Thou glorious tree, whose blushes greet
The earliest smiles of Spring,
Who renderest blossoms rich and sweet
A double offering;
E'en when in March the tempests lower,
Thou almost rushest into flower,
Thy tribute first to bring.
Which of thy mates can show as thou;
So bright, so beautiful a bough?

The summer suns are past—and where
Is all thy glory gone?
Say has thy promise, bright and fair
To harvest ripen'd on?

Autumn is come—each humbler shoot,
That felt the sunshine, yields the fruit,
  But thou canst render none!
Which of thy mates exhibits now,
Like thee, an useless barren bough?

Yet still a lesson thou mayst teach,
  Which he may learn who reads;
Vain is the fair and flowery speech,
  Unless the act succeeds.
Tastes are not principles—for fruit
Flowers are a sorry substitute;
  And so are words for deeds.
Beauty may conquer, Wit allure,
But Virtues only can secure.

XXIII.

AN EPISTLE, TO A FRIEND.

Known from the cradle to the age
  Of youth, and youthful womanhood,
And known, dear friend, in every stage,
  As gentle, and as wise as good,
To greet thee with a formal strain
Of idle compliment were vain;
Vain as his toil—of whom 'tis told
He painted lilies—gilded gold—
And perfume o'er the violet threw:
In short, "th' excess" which Skakspeare drew,
In its worst folly would be mine,
Did flattery point thy Poet's line—
A Poet, let me proudly claim
A more distinguished—dearer name;

Poets were ever false—I send
The honest greetings of a *Friend.*

I write as one who taking part
In all the changes of the past,
Rejoiced with thy rejoicing heart,
And sorrowed with thy hopes o'ercast.
I write as one, a little changed
By evil tongues, and "evil days."
From the world's heartless joys estranged,
And careless of its blame or praise.
Yet still for thee and thine—I bring
A heart unchanged as in its spring.

I come with prayer, that thou may'st keep
The blessings that surround thee now.
Or if again thine eye must weep,
And grief must shade thy youthful brow;
If He whose fires have purified
Thy spirit with a seven-fold heat—
If He, who thy young heart has tried,
Nor yet, shall deem his work complete;

May'st thou but hear a father's tone
Which thus would claim thee for his own.

Oh let me not in thoughtless mood
The temple of thy sorrow tread,
Nor with unhallow'd hand intrude
To lift the veil which time has spread.
Oh rather may I strive, like thee,
Beneath the Chastener's hand to learn
The wisdom of the Sanctuary,
And mercy in the scourge discern;
Through storms to see the *morrow's* Sun,
And feel with Thee, *whose* will is done.

O'er sister hearts, the storm too past,
In uncomplaining sorrow bow'd,
Their holy faith was anchored fast,
They saw the rainhow in the cloud;
And he, the aged sufferer, lay
Touch'd by the hand of Heav'n in dust,
But though commissioned Angels slay,
They cannot shake the Christian's trust;

Meekly resigned, o'er all his woes
The martyr's prayer triumphant rose.

Alas! I touch a mournful theme,
And now I pause in doubt and fear,
Lest thou my sympathy shouldst deem
The stranger's "intermeddling" tear.
If dormant sorrows I awake,
Or bid thy grief too keenly live,
Oh for our ancient friendship's sake,
My kind, my suffering friend, forgive.
Peace be with thee and thine—that peace
Worlds cannot give—nor worlds decrease.

XXIV.

THE NATIVITY.

'Tis midnight, o'er Judæa's plains
A more than mortal silence reigns;
The starry hosts in squadrons bright
Glow in the firmament of night,
And shepherds watch their sleeping fold,
Beneath that arch of fretted gold.
When lo! a stream of glorious light
Burst in appalling splendour there,
And showed to their astonished sight
A seraph visitant of air.
Radiant in beams ineffable
The herald angel stood confest,
And thus in liquid sweetness fell
The accents of the heavenly guest:

"Fear not; to you and all mankind
Glad tidings of great joy I bring;
In David's city, ye shall find
A new-born Saviour, Christ, and King;
A manger is his humble bed,
And, while the virgin mother keeps
Her vigils round that holy head,
E'en there the world's Redeemer sleeps."
He spake—attending seraphim
Confirm the mission from above;
And countless thousands swell the hymn
Of triumph and redeeming love!
Oh! who but they whose gifted eyes
Were bless'd with this apocalypse,
May speak th' angelic harmonies
Of golden harps and cherub lips!
The hierarchy of heaven, again
Pour'd jubilant th' exulting strain,
As at creation's birth:
And thus the lofty prelude ran,
"Glory to God, good-will to man,
And peace to all on earth."

Unveil'd appear the glittering throng,
Salvation is their joyful song;
While hallelujahs fill the sky,
And hail the "Day-spring from on high."
And Truth and Mercy met, inspire
The strains of this celestial choir.
Slowly recede the Heavenly host,
And dying echoes soft and clear
Melt into silence on the ear,
As in the realms of light the pageantry is lost.

XXV.

To ———

"Thy care is fix'd, and zealously attends
To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,
And hope that reaps not shame."

MILTON.

I ne'er could bow beneath the stroke
Of inconsiderate men—
And angry words could but provoke
Indignant taunts again.
I hurled defiance back on each,
Who could reprove with hasty speech
When fall'n, and *only* then;
No patient check to wrath I turned,
I dared the proud—the spurner spurned.

Ne'er could these haughty feelings brook
"Unkindness' altered eye,"
And faithless Friendship's with'ring look
I gloried to defy;
In every stage of every ill,
Pride, stubborn Pride upheld me still,
And kept the spirit high;
Though fallen far—though trampled low,
I struck, in struggling, blow for blow.

Such didst thou find me—sternly fix'd
In bonds of hate to all;
Despair's full cup I drain'd unmix'd,
E'en to the dregs of gall.
Of faith unsettled—oh, far worse,
Beneath a dark o'erwhelming curse,
And conscious of the thrall;
Reckless of every human tie,
Alike unfit to live, or die.

Oh, 'twas an unaccustom'd sight,
A pitying look to see—

It was a new and strange delight,
That prayer was pour'd for me.
Yes—yes, for me thy tears were shed,
Thy prayers sought blessings on his head,
Who never bent the knee—
Thou badst him weep, and Heaven implore,
Who never prayed, scarce wept before.

Yet I have worn a beauty's chain,
And deem'd the charm divine,
For beauty did not once disdain
So poor a love as mine.
'Twas but a dream—I ne'er could bow
With such humility as now,
My spirit bends to thine;
For thou hast tam'd a breast of steel,
And taught a stony heart to feel.

Thy gentleness a soul hath won,
The world could not subdue;
A word—a look, from thee hath done,
What force could never do.

Blest be the hour when thou wert sent
A mild, yet fitting instrument,
The withered to renew.
Thou "meek of heart"—of "spirit pure,"
Thy recompense in Heaven is sure.

XXVI.

AN

ACKNOWLEDGMENT FOR A HOUSEWIFE.*

Had the fates dealt me all the *threads*,
Thy little housewife's care supplies;
Were I possess'd of all its *heads*,
Or gifted with its numerous *eyes*:

A thousand lives could not reveal—
My *heads* were vain, my *eyes* were few
To speak, to look, the thoughts I feel
In all their gratitude for you.

---

* To him who is doomed to inhabit walls that are never cheered by a female smile, to the tenant of "rooms" or "chambers" the housewife is a precious gift; to the soldier on foreign service it is indispensable.

Bankrupt in each, my heart must make
Atonement for its brother's need,
And, Lady, you must kindly take
The will as surety for the deed.

That heart by *holiest* ties is *bound*
To her who deign'd its faults to *mend*,
Rent or *undone*, it ever found
A *moral housewife* in my friend.

XXVII.

SONNET.

Why do I thus repine, that day by day
I see removed some prop on which I lean,
Nor recognize the mercy that would wean
My heart from every worldly hope and stay;
That so, when Death shall beckon me away,
I may sit loosely to each earthly tie,
And deem it e'en a privilege to die?—
Oh! that such faith were mine—to weep and pray,
To hug with blind tenacity the chain
That binds me to a dungeon which I hate,
This is my misery — Thou good — and great!—
Who didst thy timid servant once sustain,
When his foot press'd th' unfathomable sea,
Oh! when Death's billows whelm, support and strengthen me.

XXVIII.

FORGET ME NOT.

Though in the tempest's awful hour
God speaks as once he spake to Lot —
Not less is heard in thee, sweet flower!
His "still, small voice" — "forget me not."

And He who paints each gorgeous hue,
And He the rainbow's arch who spann'd,
Gave thee thy robe of tender blue,
And fashion'd thee with equal hand;

And bade thee, thus arrayed, proclaim
His power through many a quiet spot;
While every mind of thoughtful frame
Takes up the words — "forget me not!"

XXIX.

RETROSPECT

AT THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

Each clock that strikes now tolls thy funeral knell,
Departed year! Thy course is past — farewell!
Yet on my heart as lingers this adieu,
Let faithful Memory, to her office true,
Find if she can, amid thy changes all,
One happier moment I would fain recall:
To me, still doomed to find each hope o'erthrown,
These happier moments have been rarely known;
'Twas mine in Sorrow's devious paths to stray,
Grief following grief as day succeeded day—
A wandering spirit, seeking rest in vain
From the heart's sickness or the body's pain,
Till, like the race proscribed, to frenzy driv'n,
My morning orison for night was giv'n —

My evening prayer, in bitter anguish poured,
Would that the light of morning were restored.
What have I gained in this long, fev'rish strife,
But deeper horror of this load of life?
What have I added to my past career,
But one more dull, unprofitable year?
A year, like all its sad precursors, crost
By adverse fortune, and to virtue lost.
And what to me will future hours bestow?
Freedom from pain, or brighter prospects?—No!
All that my fond nor idle hope has plann'd
Has fall'n like fabrics built upon the sand;
And as my past will be my future years —
A troubled scene of pains and wasting fears,
A page which, like the Prophet's roll, must bear
The characters of darkness and despair!
Oh! err they not who, startled by the gloom,
Contemplate not the *quiet* of the tomb?
There is no sound, no wail of misery, here,
No burning lids that ask the cooling tear;
Here may Despair her sanctuary find,
And sorrow here her broken heart may bind;

Oppression's arm is here no longer strong;
Guilt cannot injure, nor unkindness wrong;
Passions and tempers—envy, pride, and lust,
Own kindred with the worm, and here lie down
with dust.
Peace, rebel heart! be still, and know that He
Who thus afflicts, afflicts not willingly—
The darkest clouds that gather on thy day
May prove but guides unto a happier way—
The fires that now thy faith and patience try,
Let them not harden, and they purify—
Thy mental eye the fire and cloud should see,
As Israel saw, a present Deity—
Present to guard the wand'rer, and to guide
Where the rich streams of peace for ever glide,
And where the harvest which in tears was sown
Is reaped in bliss unspeakable — unknown!
Oh! Thou whom sorrow never sued in vain!
Source of all good, and solace of each pain!
Teach me to see thy chastisements aright,
And purge the film that keeps me from the light;
Thee let me own, as Thou art owned above,
Redeemer — Comforter — and God of Love!

XXX.

THE FIRST LINES

IN THE ALBUM OF A FRIEND.

Hast thou not seen a mother gaze
On childhood's pure and guileless brow?
And as her thoughts find words she prays
With feelings warm as mine are now.

While yet thy spotless page is free
From every trace of hope or fear,
Ere Mirth has penn'd her song of glee,
Or sorrow registered her tear;—

Oh! be it mine on Friendship's part,
To pour in this unworthy strain
The offerings of a grateful heart,
For kindness not bestow'd in vain.

I know 'twere idle did I pray,
That light without a shade be thine;
'Tis night gives beauty to the day,
And perfect spring is shower and shine.

Lady, if in Affliction's school
Some hours are past; my prayer shall be,
That pitying Heaven will overrule
All that *seems* ill, for good to thee.

May thoughts the happiest and the best—
More gifted bards may here record—
Form the pure "sunshine of thy breast,"
And *Peace* be Virtue's just reward.

XXXI.

LINES

ON A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF CLARE.

"Misery herself, however, cannot keep incessant watch over her victim."

Oh! would such words were true, for I
By long and bitter proof can tell
That Misery stands where'er I fly,
A close unwearied sentinel.

In solitude, the smitten brow—
The hands convulsive grasp—declare,
By these external symptoms how
She keeps incessant vigils there.

In crowds — the bowl she madly quaffs,
Hers the wild dance and maniac song;
'Tis she that loudest shouts and laughs,
To her the maddest strains belong.

By night she gives the wildering dream —
And multiplies each waking pain,
Till roused by struggle and by scream,
Her "victim" dares not sleep again.

Tho' prostrate in repentant dust,
She mingles with the Sinner's prayer;
Suggests the language of distrust,
And prompts the accents of despair;

Active on earth — beyond the tomb
She reigns immortal — and the same —
Prepares for ruin'd souls the doom
Of deathless worm and quenchless flame.

* * * * *

XXXII.

ON A GROUP OF FLOWERS.

(The Painter since dead.)

I gaze upon thy mimic flowers,
They speak of her — the lost, the dead —
They speak of her in happier hours
Who o'er each scene a lustre shed;
Splendour and beauty to the sight —
But of her home — the dear delight.

Oh! 'tis a mockery of grief,
To see the heart's-ease blooming here,
No broken stem, no wither'd leaf,
To speak of tomb, or shroud, or bier
'Tis well — thy group will ever be
A type of thy sweet memory.

Season o'er season may depart
But thy dear flowers are still the same,
And treasured long in many a heart,
Shall live the fragrance of thy name;
Like thine "the virtues of the just,
"Smell sweet in death, and blossom in the dust."

XXXIII.

HYMN,

FOR AN INFANT SCHOOL.

When in the snares of vice we lay,
  Nor knew the danger we were in —
Our infant lips untaught to pray,
  Our infant hands but train'd to sin,

Thine eye, oh God! — in pity saw —
  Thy great compassion stoop'd to raise —
Wrote in our hearts thy holy law —
  And taught our lips both pray'r and praise.

What shall we render to the Lord,
  For all his mercies granted still —
The power to read His holy word,
  The strength to do His holy will?

Oh! thou our Saviour, thou who art
The way—the truth—the life—the light—
Grant us a humble, thankful heart,
To use these "*means of grace*" — aright.

Prosper, oh God! this work of love,
To *them* who give — to *us* who gain,
And may thy shepherd find above
This little flock not taught in vain.

XXXIV.

CARMEN NATALE.

'Tis come, the fullness of that promised hour,
When woman's seed should break the serpent's
pow'r,
'Tis come — the hour prefigured and foretold,
When HE whose "goings forth were from of old,"
Should quit his throne of majesty on high,
With man to sojourn — and *for* man to die.
Hark! the glad hour attesting seraphs hail,
And songs of triumph swell the midnight gale;
Heaven's choral host to human sight appears,
And strains angelic burst on human ears.
See, in the East, his herald star arise,
Type of that light desired by Israel's eyes,
Led by this guide, their gifts the Magi bring,
And Heaven instructed hail the infant king.

What though a manger is his earthly throne,
Yet, strong in faith, the "Godhead veil'd" is known;
There at Emanuel's feet is incense poured,
And there the Incarnate God is first adored.
What precious gifts are centered in that Child!
Opposing claims in Him are reconciled —
Through Him, each jarring attribute shall meet
In perfect love — in harmony complete.
Mercy and Truth are knit in firm embrace,
Justice appeas'd now shares her throne with Grace.
On Him th' iniquity of all is laid,
By Him the price of our Redemption paid;
By Him the fetter'd captive is unchain'd,
Deliverance won, and Paradise regain'd.
The grave He vanquish'd with exulting wing,
And wrung from Death the triumph and the sting.
Rejoice, ye ransom'd! you your God has freed
From pains pronounced, from penalties decreed!
Pour forth your notes of praise—be glad, O Earth!
And speak the blessings of a Saviour's birth;
By every nation — and by every tongue
Let the glad song of the redeem'd be sung.

Oh! if the choral melodies above
Peal'd the loud anthem of redeeming Love,
To man forgiv'n belongs a grateful strain,
Which guiltless seraphs may attempt in vain;
No pardoning mercy need that spotless host —
He who is most forgiv'n will love and praise the most.

XXXV.

LINES

TO AN INFIDEL OF TALENTS.

Oh ! like thy prototype endowed
With power of mischief and the will,
Like Satan, terrible as proud,
Curs'd with superior arts of ill —
"Evil thy good"— the gift of speech
But used the giver to blaspheme,
Oh pause ! — let Heaven's forbearance teach
A respite from thy impious theme. —

From thy "bad eminence" awhile
Still let thy tongue profanely dare,
As round thee timid sceptics smile,
And laughter shakes the scorner's chair,

Let kindred spirits shout applause,
And drain the jest-inspiring bowl,
And stake on this unholy cause
The wealth of an immortal soul;

What tho' no hand upon the wall
The profligate carousal check?
What tho' no thunderbolt may fall,
And leave thee a dishonour'd wreck?
A day of doom will find thy pride
Abased in accents of despair,
"Fall here, ye rocks—ye mountains, hide"—
Who may such hour of vengeance bear?

Subdued — the first great tempter saw
The followers of his crime — and wept;
Oh! that Remorse from thee could draw
Those sorrowing drops that long have slept;
Yet may the bitterest tears be vain —
The grave has closed upon the dead,
And Hell's dark mansions may contain
The lost — the ruined — the misled.

Oh! these are serious thoughts! canst thou
Think of such victims — nor despair?
Wilt thou at Moloch's altar bow,
And rites of blood yet offer there?
With fiends confederate thy might
Bend to unhallowed gods thy knee —
Bind to thy brow the aconite —
Archangel ruined! must it be? —

Awake! arise! — nor wise too late,
The hour of penitence delay —
Oh! tempt not the blasphemer's fate,
Nor madly throw a soul away.
Retrace what thou hast blindly trod,
Of Heaven's anathema beware,
The anger of a jealous God
Is linked with infinite despair

XXXVI.

WHY WEEP FOR HER!

Why weep for her whose spirit freed from every
tie that bound it,
Unfetter'd seeks those glorious heights where angels
throng around it;
Where pure delights of Heaven succeed Affliction's
chastening rod;
And a tenement of clay is changed for Paradise
and God.

Why weep for her whose lines had fall'n, oh! not
in pleasant places —
For Sorrow's hand on heart and brow had plough'd
her rudest traces;
Now seraph-plumed, she spurns the load that
weigh'd her spirit's lightness,
And God has wiped from mourning eyes the tears
that dim'd their brightness.

Why weep for her? Oh! lift the eye of faith to
yonder Heaven!
There may our Sister "*walk in white,*" unstain'd
by earthly leaven —
And with the holy company of Tribulation's
daughters,
Be led by the Redeeming Lamb to ever-living
waters.

Why weep for Her? The word has past — by that
eternal token,
Although "the silver cord be loosed," the "golden
bowl be broken,"
Her spirit has returned to God — the mighty
Power that made it —
Till dust shall rise re-animate as Glory has ar-
ray'd it.

XXXVII.

TO ———,

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT FOR A PAIR OF SPECTACLES.

That thou hast earn'd the Patriarch's praise
My heart hath felt a thousand ways,
And am I now surprised to find
That thou art "eyes unto the blind?"
But subsidies for Nature's eyes
Are not the best of thy supplies—
My eyes of understanding too
From thee have caught a *clearer* view.
Oh! when the pains of age prevail,
When heart shall faint and eyes shall fail,
Be thy undying vision mine.

XXXVIII.

THE STORM.

The storm is up — the wind is loud —
The sea is rolling mountain high,
Peals with quick crash the thunder cloud,
The lightning quivers through the sky.

Hark ! in the pauses of the gale,
The signal guns are firing fast ;
And seaman's shout — and woman's wail—
And shrieks, are mingling with the blast.

The morning smiles upon the scene,
A plank is floating to the shore,
The sea is calm — the Heaven serene,
But ah ! the bark is seen no more.

And did she perish in that night? —
No — safe her gallant freight she bears,
Unharmed she wings her ocean flight,
Midst tears and blessings, praise and prayers.

XXXIX.

ST. STEPHEN.

Immortal Saint — on whose expiring gaze
Heaven and its glory burst with effluent blaze,
Whose dying eyes, with God's own spirit bright,
Burst the dull confines of material sight,
And "full of faith," beheld thy Saviour stand
Eager to meet thee — at thy God's right hand;
First of the "noble army," earliest crown'd
With martyrdom — oh! may we still be found
Like thee, by faith, to antedate the meed
Of that inheritance for Saints decreed.
Teach us, oh Jesu! — so thy cross to bear,
That our worst foes may claim our latest pray'r;
That like this faithful martyr we may join
In that great pray'r which closed his life and thine;
That ere our spirits hail the world of bliss
They breathe forgiveness for the wrongs of this.

XL.

AN EPITAPH.

Though early called — though sorely tried
Thy faith — thy patience fainted not —
And thou hast gained, through Him who died,
A happy and triumphant lot.

Thou, purified for Heaven — oh! say,
Shall we thy early fate deplore?
No! rather let us bless the day
That gave to God — an angel more.

XLI.

A FAREWELL.

Oh! 'tis the penalty we pay, in this frail world of ours,
To find that hues which soonest fade are born of sweetest flowers,
The brightest clouds an ardent eye with rapture gazes on
Are only seen in evening skies—we look, and they are gone—
Farewell!

Thou, bright and lovely one! we met, and thou
wilt disappear,
Like summer flow'r and evening cloud, and leave
us wond'ring here;
Yet to have known or seen thee *once* is never to
forget,
While Mem'ry triumphs over space — we hold thy
image yet —
Farewell!

Peace to thy path, where'er it be; may all good
angels keep,
And may his hand be over thee who rules the
stormy deep.
Forget not, in thy sunny climes, those English
hearts that beat
With no less warmth for thee, though doomed no
more on earth to meet.
Farewell!

Farewell — I know, where'er thou art, that thou
must ever be
That idol of another's love which thou hast been
to me;
I know thy image may be lodg'd in some far
worthier shrine;
But I too know "another's love" can never equal
mine.

Farewell!

XLII.

LINES

Written on the 29th of November, 1825.

'Tis midnight — can I fail to think
Of him, the doomed, the dying one,
Who treads Eternity's dark brink,
Whose sand of life is almost run?
God of all mercy — God of power!
Comfort and strengthen at this hour
Him who now treads, with fainting breath,
The Valley of the Shades of death.
Oh! let thy spirit now sustain
His agonies of mortal pain,
The travail of his soul appease
Thro' *Him*, who bore worse pangs than these.

Unhappy man ! ten thousand eyes
  Lament with tears thy bitter lot !
And twice ten thousand pray'rs arise
  From pitying hearts that knew thee not.
To-morrow — and the strife is o'er —
  Sorrow and shame thou leavest here,
Oh ! may'st thou gain that peaceful shore
  Where faith and penitence are dear.
Where sin forgiven — proclaims above
The triumphs of Redeeming Love.

XLIII.

THE OCTOGENARIAN.

Thy eightieth year complete! — e'en so!
But I have heard, that long ago
Thou wert as old as *now*;
Perhaps the spoiler had not shed
So white a glory on thy head —
Less furrow'd was thy brow.

But not the wrinkles years bestow,
"The grained face"— the drizzled snow,
Nor time can form the sage;
But wisdom was thy "hoary head —
And 'twas the "life unspotted" led,
That form'd thy ripe old age.

XLIV.

STANZAS

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. JOHN OWEN.

Soldier of Christ — well proved and tried,
"Thy warfare is accomplished" — thou
Hast fought the glorious fight and died,
Contending for the faith — and now
The righteous Judge for thee prepares
The crown each faithful follower wears.

We saw thee long a "watchman" stand,
The banner of the cross unfurl'd,
The torch of truth blazed in thy hand
To comfort a benighted world;
And distant nations bless'd the sight,
And own'd that "burning shining light."

With inspiration's hallow'd flame
Thy lips were touch'd — thy heart o'erran
With Christian zeal, that well became
The delegate of Heaven to man;
Charged with glad tidings from above,
Peace — pardon — and Redeeming Love.

Pilgrim, we may not weep for thee,
Thy God has called thee to thy rest,
The haven where each saint "would be"
Is gained, and thou art more than blest,
Heav'n is thy home — and Abraham's Lord
Is thine "exceeding great reward."

Well done, thou faithful — to the end
Unwearied in thy work divine,
Oh! may the Lord of Harvests send
Such labour and such love as thine,
And may thy gifts and graces find
Meet refuge in a kindred mind.

XLV.

TO EMILY,

ON HER DEPARTURE FOR INDIA.

Rich are the pearls from Asia won,
  And costly are the gems
Torn from the "Children of the Sun,"
  For Europe's diadems;
And Britain riots in the spoil
Of plundered Asia's wealth and toil.

Yet Ganges' billows never bore
  A costlier gem, than now
Sails from lamenting England's shore
  To shine on Asia's brow;
Who soon will own — though long delayed —
The debt of Europe overpaid.

XLVI.

THE BIRTH-DAY.

Mira beloved — I ask not why,
As gratulations meet thine ear,
I catch the softly uttered sigh,
And mark too well the gathering tear.

Alas! — 'tis busy Memory's sting,
And doubts arise with anguish keen —
Of what the future year may bring,
As judging what the past has been.

I mark upon thy youthful brow,
Sorrow untimely as severe;
I feel I am no poet now,
For, oh! there is no fiction here.

And it is sad — in Hope's first morn —
With feelings warm, and heart elate,
To see each prospect rudely torn,
And find the bosom desolate.

Yet words of comfort I would write —
Thy heart is pure — thy conscience clear—
And know when darkest is the night,
E'en then the morning's dawn is near.

Be comforted — hast thou not read,
Of blessings to the mourner given,
Thousands the path of sorrow tread,
And by that path are led to Heaven.

'Ere yet such day again shall add
Another to thy years increase,
May'st thou be happy with the glad,
Bright be thy hopes — thy heart at peace.

XLVII.

A MOTHER'S FAREWELL.

Farewell — tho' ocean roll between,
It cannot stay a mother's pray'r,
Whatever space may intervene,
A mother's love will find you there.

Thro' midnight hours to watch and weep,
When winds are high to kneel and pray
To Him whose path is on the deep —
Who rules the storm, whom winds obey.

Oh! these are trials they must bear,
Who those they love to seas consign;
And now I feel these hours of care,
These midnight watchings must be mine.

Farewell — but oh ! remember still,
That there are hearts tho' distant — true —
In every change of good or ill,
That beat with fondest hopes for you.

Farewell — for on that word of pain
Afflicted memory long will dwell ;
Be good — be happy — once again
God bless and prosper you — Farewell !

XLVIII.

SPRING.

Oh! May — delicious May — again
Thou comest, leading in thy train
The cheerful day, the laughing hours,
In simple Beauty crown'd with flow'rs.
The air is rife with sweets and song,
And earth and sky rejoice,
And jubilant their strains prolong
With a thanksgiving voice.
Life has its May! — and Lady, thou
Art Spring's most fragrant flow'r;
Thy peaceful heart and smiling brow
Are Beauty's richest dower.

And thou — rejoicing in thy youth,
Thy path with roses strew'd,
Art filled with dreams of hope — where truth
Is careless to intrude.
And what stern moralist would sneer,
And tell thee in those smiles array'd,
That oft delusion lurketh near —
That springs and roses both must fade?
Why let them fade! — beyond the gloom
There is a home above,
Where Spring eternally shall bloom
And all is light — and love.
Immortal gales their sweets diffuse,
Celestial odours fill the air,
And, cherished by ambrosial dews,
The golden flow'rs are springing there —
And every dream thy fancy prized
Will there be more than realized.

XLIX.

THE SISTERS.

Daughters of Sorrow — nobly arm'd to bear
The chastener's hand — afflictive and severe,
Oh ! let me pour for you one heartfelt pray'r,
And shed with you one sympathetic tear.

Gentle as good, your pious work pursue,
And be your angel ministration blest
With that reward, ye still can keep in view,
By hope deferred, tho' sickened and deprest.

Oh ! may such love, such constancy prevail,
And may the bruised spirit ye would raise
Burst from its long eclipse to light — and hail

Tho' charged your cup of sorrow to the brim,
Yet God's appointed time in patience wait,
His word of truth believing — trust in Him,
He will not leave his children desolate.

L.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

Belov'd of Heaven — the strife unknown!
To gain a heritage with "Saints in light!"
To win a bright immortal crown,
Nor "run the race"—nor "fought the fight."

Without a taint of earthly cares,
To sin unknown — from sorrow free —
Thy pure and happy spirit shares
An early immortality.

Yet lost to us, those thoughts will rise,
Religion scarcely would reprove,
As memory tells the thousand ties
That bound thee to a mother's love.

No! taken with thy God to dwell,
All selfish sorrow we resign —
Dear suffering patient babe farewell,
We feel assured that Heaven is thine.

LI.

FOURTEEN.

All hail to fourteen! that spring-time of youth,
Whose skies are all azure, whose pathways are green,
When the eyes in their brightness are mirrors of truth,
And the hopes of the heart are the hopes of fourteen.

And such is thine age, lively Fanny to day —
And if pray'rs could avail, not the world in its spleen
Should sadden thy bosom or tarnish a ray
Of the pleasure that beams in thine eyes of fourteen.

Thy life is before thee, dear niece of my love,
I will not disclose its least danger unseen;
Thy comfort be this, that in regions above,
There are joys more enduring than joys of
fourteen.

LII.

RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

Another hour — another day!
To fret a sorrowing heart away?
Another hour to feel the wrongs
Of heartless men and evil tongues?

Another hour, ere I go hence!
To live the slave of vulgar sense?
Another day of dark despair!
To find the world as false as fair?

No, ingrate, no! — another day,
To feel God's love in Death's delay;
Another hour in mercy given,
To fix thy wand'ring thoughts on Heav'n.

Oh! by this act of mercy taught,
May I improve it as I ought,
God of my life, to thee I raise
The grateful song of pray'r and praise.

LIII.

A THOUGHT.

The storm was fierce — the oak was near,
'Twas gained in agony of fear,
And dearly was the refuge bought;
For there the flash attracted — fell —
A blacken'd corse was left to tell
How treacherous was the shelter sought.

Life's storms assail'd — the words were fair
That offer'd peace, protection, care —
The grateful orphan trusted — came
Go, ask yon sear'd and wither'd thing,
In guilt and sorrow wandering,
How worse than death the *life* of shame.

LIV.

To ———,

WITH A VOLUME OF POEMS.

'Tis a dark page with which I greet
  Thee, gentle maid—a gloomy line!
For thy good spirit all unmeet,
  Unfit for breast so calm as thine.

Yet if a purer light have brought
  A long bewilder'd wanderer home,
Wilt thou not cherish every thought
  That breathes of better things to come?

To me, a world's applause were vain,
  Didst thou a soothing word deny;
And what to me a world's disdain
  If cheer'd by thine approving eye?

The griefs that darken'd every day,
The wakefulness of sorrow's night,
One sigh of thine would well repay,
One tear of thine would well requite.

No, Lady, innocent as young;
Let me the selfish thought recall,
Ne'er be thy gentle bosom wrung,
For me I would no drop should fall.

For let but sorrow touch thy years,
A thousandth part that I have known
Will give thee cause enough for tears,
In the *great* sufferings of thine own.

LV.

THE CRAB BLOSSOM.

Midst fairest flowers and choicest sweets
That Maia's gentle reign adorn,
No lovelier offering nature greets
Than decks the Crab's full-blossom'd thorn.

Its flowering branch aloft it rears
In buds of bright and vermeil glow,
Or rudely washed by vernal tears
Descends in flakes of purest snow.

Its beauty every eye invites,
Its fragrance loads the noontide air,
And every village maid delights
To cull her sweetest garland there.

Again I seek my favourite bough,
Once more I to its place repair:

I see no grace—no beauty now,
And blighted is its promise fair.

I hail its blooming sweets no more,
I catch no odours breathing round,
All worthless was the fruit it bore,
Which fell ungathered to the ground.

The Poet saw—he could but grieve,
And thus in mournful accents cried,
Methinks the Fair might here receive
A moral—meet for beauty's pride.

Who has not loved o'er some fair face
To fix the fond delighted view,
And in such features joyed to trace
An intellectual promise too.

And who has not o'er some lov'd maid,
Oft heaved a sorrowing sigh to find,
When beauty's blossoms had decayed,
No mental harvest left behind?

LVI.

THE DECEMBER VIOLET.

Sweet flower, to me now doubly dear,
  Welcome thy unexpected form,
Since reared in winter's lap severe,
  The nursling of December's storm.

Oh thou wast sure in pity lent
  Desponding Nature's heart to raise,
And midst her withered glories sent
  A harbinger of happier days.

So in Affiction's darkest hour,
  When Life's severest storms we bear,
Hope, like this sweet and modest flower,
  Breaks on the winter of despair.

LVII.

TO A LADY.

WITH COWPER'S POEMS.

Accept, dear Anne, a work approved of fame;
Chaste is the lay and moral is the line;
Meet food for that all pure and vestal flame
Which but in virtuous bosoms glows like thine.

No powers perverted, and no talent lent
To aid the cause of passion or of pride,
He never whined in sickly sentiment
A proud, untamed, and peevish heart to hide.

Here let me pause, for not to me belong
The powers, our Cowper's eulogy to pay,
"His virtues formed the magic of his song,"
Thine form the taste that can approve the lay.

LVIII.

ISABELLA.

A SCENE FROM NATURE.

In patient expectation, and alone,
She waited at the spot o'er which she knew
The messenger of fate must pass—her eye
Was strained to greet his coming, and her heart
Heaved at the rustling of each passing wind.
He came, and in his hand (although far off)
She saw the folded sheet; with modest haste
She views its superscription and its seal—
Who cannot guess the rest? for you might see
The hectic of the momentary pang,
And the heart's sorrow in the swimming eye.
But one soft sigh escapes, "*'tis not for me.*"
'Tis past and the dear patient girl resumes

Her cheerful aspect and her quiet smile.
Thou gentle creature! Heaven will not forsake
Such true affection, and though adverse winds
May keep awhile Love's fond memorial back,
It soon will come, and bring a comfort with it.
What though in distant lands his lot is cast,
He looks upon the world of waters—gives
A faithful echo to each sigh of thine,
Hoping as thou dost, for the happy day
When severed hearts shall meet to part no more.

LIX.

A CHARACTER.

'Tis not because thy face is wonderous fair,
And that I trace divine expression there;
It is not that thine eyes superbly bright
Throw o'er thy faultless form a holy light;
'Tis not thy voice, that in the memory dwells
As on the ear live music's witching spells;
'Tis not the grace of motion; no! nor all
That purest tastes may perfect beauty call,
That now I deem thee, Lady, little less
Than some pure being sent to guard and bless;
Some Incarnation of the good above,
Dispatched by Heaven on offices of love;
But that thou joinest in communion rare,
All that is virtuous to all that's fair;

But that I see in thy dear form combined
The woman's beauty with the angel's mind;
All the intensity of Christian zeal
With the deep awe that veiléd Seraphs feel.
Heaven for thy spirit has no hard command,
Nor earth a duty paid with grudging hand;
Graceful, as though thy single charm was ease—
Humble, as though thou hadst no power to please,
For this I praise thee, knowing that I raise
All thou *canst* feel of anger, by my praise.

LX.

INTRODUCTION TO AN ALBUM.

My gentle friend, a timid look
I cast upon your splendid book,
And on its gold and scarlet threw
Much such a glance as Ladies do,
When on the men of *red* and *lace*
They turn a half averted face;
So gazed I, and forgive the sin,
I bolder grew and look'd within,
I peep'd, and found as ladies find
Who under *scarlet* look for *mind*,
All blank; here *ends* my simile,
For I saw *that* where mind might be,
'Twas then thy partial praise assign'd
To me the structure of that *mind*

Thy beauteous volume should contain;
Would I had laboured less in vain !
Would I had caught a loftier tone !
In short, the spirit of thy own.

LXI.

MOONLIGHT THOUGHTS.

Thou pure unclouded Orb! how late
I saw thee shine in beauty bright
O'er yellow meads and fields of green,
As Nature, silent and serene,
Lay sleeping in thy peaceful light.

I view thee now again, and see
The same unclouded beauty thine—
As bright thy peerless lustre falls
On this close crowded City's walls,
As late o'er Nature's face I saw thee shine.

How dost thou mix thy heavenly light
Where flambeaux rage with angry glare;
Thou peep'st into the blazing hall
Where Fashion holds her carnival,
And thy pale beams commingle there.

The wandering tenant of the street
Looks up to thee, and gazing sighs
For her lost home, and duties fled;
Thou shin'st upon his homeless head,
Who on his cold and flinty pillow lies.

What scenes of riot, guilt, and woe,
Thou viewest in thy high career?
The robber vents his curses deep
On thee; while grief, that cannot sleep,
Pours in thy light his solitary tear.

And at this midnight hour again
I hail thee—Pilgrim of the sky!—
Of all, whom wretchedness keeps waking,
Of all, whose heavy hearts are aching,
Thou shinest upon none more lost than I.

Oh! for a single resting place,
Where hope may combat with despair.
Friend of the friendless! — at this hour
Forsake me not, for thou hast power
Alone to hear — alone to grant my pray'r.

Oh! save me from these wandring thoughts,
Oh! save me from *myself*, and teach
This rebel well in thee to trust.
Tho' man may crush his fellow dust,
Thine eye can pity and thy hand can reach.

Thou beauteous orb, hast reached thy goal,
Thy heavenly course is well nigh run;
This night has thy indifferent ray,
Shone on the wretched and the gay,
And so will shine To-morrow's sun;

But *HE* whose work ye are, to whom
Ye owe the power by which ye shine;
A light, ye know not of, will shed
On each afflicted mourner's head —
Who trusts his mercy — and his love divine.

LXII.

*** The following epistle was printed in the year 1816, and is directed against those Poems of Lord Byron, which were then published to the alarm of the good, and the sorrow of the wise. With an humble but sincere admiration of his talents, but with an equally humble, but honest regret for their perversion, these lines were composed; the subject of them is in his grave, but the moral tendency of his writings is at this day as fair a subject for inquiry as at the moment of their first appearance. For the good, and for the evil, the noble Poet is gone to his account. The purpose of this epistle is not to detract nor to defame; and if it shall have the effect of inducing one youthful and ardent admirer of Lord Byron's genius to pause, and to discriminate between what is beautiful in poetry, but unsound in morals and religion, its purpose will have been effected.

> "Oh ne'er to a seductive lay
> Let faith be given,
> Nor deem that 'light which leads astray,
> Is light from Heaven.'"

is the language of one whose Poetry combines the highest efforts of genius and the noblest lessons of virtue; need I mention—WORDSWORTH.

AN EPISTLE TO LORD BYRON.

As in the regions of the purest skies,
In climes where suns in cloudless lustre rise,
The wildest spirit of the storm conspires,
And red volcanoes pour their liquid fires;
So oft, the gentlest natures rous'd, display
The maddest wrath, and Passion's fiercest sway;
From mildest bosoms bursts the angry tide,
Which spreads a desolating fury wide;
A storm of soul—a tempest of the mind,
Which he alone can still, who rules the wave and wind.

And hearts there are no light can ever cheer,
Dark as the dreary night of Lapland's year;

For ever frost-bound in their icy mould,
Impassive—hard—unchangeable and cold.
Not such perchance, distemper'd Bard, is thine.
And tho' 'twere hard its feelings to define,
Yet do its frequent bursts exhibit less
Of the storm's grandeur, than its fretfulness:
To one unvaried, tedious plaint confin'd,
Like the low moaning of a wintry wind.

Oh, 'tis an easy task, in verse to prate
Of broken hearts, and bosoms desolate!
And 'tis a thriving trade! let M——y tell,
What thou hast written, and for him—how well.
Would that each hungry wretch dear Britain owns,
Could vend his mis'ry, and impawn his groans;
Could bring, like thee, his wretchedness for sale,
Made up for use, in Pilgrimage and Tale!
And thus the Mendicant protrudes to sight
His mangled limbs, our pity to excite;
Lives on the real wounds acquired in wars,
Or feeds and fattens on factitious scars.
Yet still proceed—still chant thy gloomy lays,
Insult—retract—bespatter, and bepraise;

Pour on the town in one continuous tide,
The dark o'erflowings of thy cynic pride;
While every puling Miss the story greets—
Hugs to her breast these lordly, dear conceits;
Her hours—her sorrows—and her tears resigns,
To ruffian hordes, and wand'ring libertines.
E'en the pure heart, unconscious of offence,
Caught by a feeling—ardent and intense,
Its finest, noblest sympathies affords
To wand'ring libertines and ruffian hordes!
Nor shall the Muse one generous pang disdain,
For powers perverted, or bestowed in vain—
And blush that he, round whose high favoured head
Her brightest halo Genius deign'd to shed;
That He—best gifted of the tuneful throng,
With head and mind perversely warp'd to wrong;
Should lend these powerful talents, to impart
The cheerless feelings of a sceptic's heart;
A heart, in which no generous ire is seen—
Cold in its malice—causeless in its spleen;
To trace the moody workings of a mind,
To Heav'n unjust, at variance with its kind:

Yet, tho' at every line a virtue bleed—
Indulge thy wayward humour—and proceed.
What is this boast of "*shrouded thoughts*," that dwell
With'ring and dark within their secret cell?
Where the "proud caution" of the struggling
breast?
Where is one bitter feeling, unexprest?
When thou hast bared thy heart to every eye,
Proclaimed its heavings to the faintest sigh,
The meanest reptile that has cross'd thy path,
Was crushed beneath thy desolating wrath;
While gentler natures, and the softer mind,
Have bow'd beneath a torture more refin'd;
That polish'd irony, whose art conceals
Its sting—which but the victim *sees* and *feels*.
Oh, to satiety have we not read
Of thy dark sorrows, and "thy widow'd bed?"
And thou hast made thy sport of others' pain;
On wounded feelings gaz'd with cold disdain;
Shot unprovok'd the random shafts of spleen,
Debas'd the high—and trampled on the mean—
Nor from envenom'd words could thy last strain,
E'en in its burst of tenderness, refrain.

Misguided spirit! yet in mercy spare,
And if thy heart be human—oh, forbear.
Can mean suspicion, and unmanly wrong,
Support thy fame, or dignify thy song?
No—and round cradled innocence to prate,
Of thy "*drain'd blood,*" and "*duty* taught by *hate!*"
True taste and feeling must alike deny,
Nature disowns the unhallow'd lullaby!

Nor is this sorrow, sacred—shewn by thee—
And thus obtruded, claims no sympathy;
'Tis but the curse of feelings strongly tried,
Like Timon's wrath—unblest—undignified:
His * grief is real—and his woe sincere,
Who without witness sheds the silent tear:
Who pours no loud lament—and, all too proud
To court the pity of the list'ning crowd,
The wasting secret locks within his breast,
Which neither pain extorts, nor force can wrest;

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* Ille dolet verè qui sine teste dolet.—MARTIAL.

From him is heard no "impious discontent;"
He never whines in sickly sentiment;
His heart is torn—aye, to its inmost core;
But firmly keeps its constancy the more;
Seeks no escape from suff'ring, in complaint,
Tho' spurning pity yields to just restraint;
And if too hard the struggle prove — e'en so!
Yet unrepining will it meet the blow—
Break, and yet still with manly courage bear—
To its last pulse, a stranger to despair;
The Christian's hope his dauntless spirit feels,
That he who tries, rewards—that he who bruises,
heals.

But thou hast yielded up thy youth, and peace,
The willing martyrs of a blind caprice;
Indulg'd a fev'rish restlessness of mind,
Renounced thy country, and abjured mankind;
And deign'd with slavish bigotry to serve
The jarring passion, and the aspen nerve;
Those fiends despotic who in blood delight—
The human heart, their altar and their rite!

Shew me in visions of thy fertile brain,
One cure for anguish, one resource for pain;
Point, if thou canst, in glowing "words that burn,"
One line to which a sorrowing breast can turn;
One pray'r for patience under ills decreed,
One hope for virtue in her hour of need;
One gleam of light the *Pilgrim* to befriend,
To cheer his *progress*, and to sooth his end—
No! like the man of Uz, we sickening see,
What "*wretched comforters indeed are ye!*"

Mysterious Power! what tho' to human gaze,
Secret thy will, inscrutable thy ways:
What tho' no eye can pierce the gloom profound,
Tho' darkness veil thee, and tho' clouds surround;
Yet will the humble heart in *Thee* confide,
For hope to strengthen, and for light to guide!
Enough of sorrow in this world appears,
A waste of woe, a wilderness of tears;
Fitful the light that cheers its gloominess;
Why then essay to make that little less?

Let Fancy rather, with her meteor ray,
Prolong the charm, and lengthen out the day,
Or strew with fairy flowers our rugged way.
And thou hast powers, to few assign'd by Heaven,
Various as vast, and prodigally giv'n:
To thee—and far beyond compare—belong
The highest gifts,—the noblest flights of song.
Oh! may'st thou honour yet thy calling high,
And still fulfil thy glorious destiny!
Nor deem that he, who pens this feeble line,
Has found in life, a happier fate than thine;
And the torn heart, already doom'd to bleed,
He would not wound, not "break the bruised reed."
Yes! the dark colouring which thy *fancy* gives
To life—he almost real finds—and lives—
And live too much like thee, in doubt and gloom,
To nurse the fires that blacken and consume:
While oft, too oft, in sorrow and despair,
A wish for death will mingle with his pray'r.
Yet if these lips have pour'd a peevish tone,
This heart indulg'd no sorrow but its own—

If from these eyes but selfish tears have flowed,
'Tis well—despair assail, and grief corrode,
Till in affliction's school the heart be tried,
Cleans'd from this mean self-love, renew'd and purified.

No more of this!—Ungentle Bard, again
I hail the proofs of thy prolific pen.
E'en while I write, resistless works the spell,
The fiends are summon'd from the bosom's hell:
Spectres and shadowy forms attest thy sway,
Terrific sprites are bidden, and obey!
Yes, mighty Wizard—dark Enchanter, yes!
Our hearts thy potent agency confess,
And, long disused, at length has Shakspeare's wand
Felt thy all-powerful grasp, and own'd a master's hand.

And yet again, 'midst incantation's dread,
Has thy own charnel-house giv'n up its dead:
Th' unquiet Spirit yet abroad is sent,
To walk—and whine in querulous lament.

Howe'er disguis'd in story or in "dream,"
Still thine own feelings are the fav'rite theme.
Again thy "gloomy vanity" prevails—
Thyself the Hero of thy doleful tales.
And hast thou found in Leman's soft retreat,
Congenial spirits, and companions meet?
Yes! and thy secret is divulg'd—so plain,
Comments are useless, expositions vain.
In one brief line the sad confession lies—
"A thousand homilies," those words comprise;
What train of serious thoughts those names recall!
"Rousseau! Voltaire — our Gibbon — and De Stael!"—
Before this aweful congregated blaze,
"Ye little stars, hide your diminish'd rays!"

Lights of the world! the unbeliever's stay—
Guides to the wanderer, lost in Error's way:
Champions of Truth, when impious doubts assail,
Shades of departed worthies—hail—all hail!
And hail to thee, De Stael, since doom'd to shine
A star in Byron's galaxy divine!

Are these thy Gods? meet idols to adore?
On shrines unhallow'd, hast thou stoop'd to pour
Thy incense? then attend the honest line—
That speaks the malison for sins like thine
Tho' thou hast form'd no impious league with those
Who boldly stalk religion's *open* foes;
If thou art join'd to rebels less sincere,
Who war with sceptic ridicule and sneer,
If in the "scorner's seat" be heard thy lays,
If wreath'd with nightshade be the Poet's bays,
If, arm'd with double strength, the gift be spurn'd,
Or 'gainst the power that gave, be madly turn'd,
No blaze of eloquence—no pomp of song,
Shall gild the crime, or sanctify the wrong;
Hopeless of peace below, and, shuddering thought!
Far from that Heav'n, denied, if never sought,
Thy light a beacon—a reproach thy name—
Thy memory "*damn'd to everlasting fame*,"
Shun'd by the wise, admir'd by fools alone—
The good shall mourn thee—and the Muse disown.

LXIII.

*** The following tribute appeared at the time when every writer who could "pen a stanza," put forth his strength upon the subject. The author has no better reason for retaining his effusion than may be found in that spirit which induces the humblest of the clan to add a stone to the Pile which covers his beloved and lamented Chief.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

"Beloved of Heav'n! these humble lines forgive,
"That sing of Thee—and thus aspire to live."

CRABBE.

When, o'er the coffin of his only child,
The frantic parent, with distraction wild,
Calls on that form, alas! which cannot hear—
Do we not sympathize with every tear?

Do we not answer, with convulsive start,
Each groan that issues from his breaking heart?
When o'er the corpse, no more his touch that feels,
(His youthful Bride!) the grief-struck Husband kneels,
Prints on her marble brow, th' unheeded kiss——
Is there, we ask, a Sorrow like to this?
Oh! might we now one house of mourning seek,
Such is the sympathy its scenes bespeak.
Yes! and the humblest of us all might feel
That sorrow's weight which Heav'n alone can heal.
Forget awhile that birth, and lineage high,
In that cold winding-sheet enshrowded lie;
Forget awhile that youth is wither'd there,
That Virtue was not spar'd to Virtue's pray'r;
Yet there remains, unmindful of relief,
All that can rouse, or sanctify our grief.
Who bows in mute despair, in anguish wild?
Her frantic sire—she was *his* only child!
Who stands, a weeping statue, at her side?
Her bosom's lord—she was *his* youthful bride!

Who o'er her corpse, the weeping mourners bend?
The Friends she loved—she once the kindest friend!
Oh! these are records high, which shall not fade,
When lost is public grief, its grandeur and parade.

Trite is the line, announcing life is brief;
That shows the with'ring flow'r, the fading leaf;
Points to the falling star, the morning dew:
Yet as our thoughts such mournful course pursue,
We feel no emblem, and no type can tell
The light that cheer'd, the sudden gloom that fell.
Now "dirges due" succeed the nuptial song,
Ere its last strain have died upon the tongue!
The bridal flow'rs yet blooming on thy brow—
The cypress wreath proclaims what thou art now!
While smiles that bless'd thee, and the mourner's tear,
Connect too well, the Altar and the Bier!

There are, who trace in this supreme decree
The wrath of Heav'n—the angry Deity;

If for *our* sins the bolt indeed have sped;
If for *our* crimes this innocence have bled;
Then be it ours the chast'ning hand to bless,
And *feel* the judgment that our lips confess:
Else will the tears of weeping millions flow,
A waste of grief, a mockery of woe!

But thou, bereavëd, stricken to the core,
Whose widow'd heart can dream of peace no more;
Thou, Sorrow's victim in its last degree——
What tongue can offer words of peace to thee!
Can bid thy bleeding heart one pang resign,
Or stem the current of a grief like thine!
Oh! who but He, whose providential care
Permits no suffering, too acute to bear;
But He, whom Sorrow never sues in vain,
In the soul's sickness, or the body's pain;
Himself, who tasted of the bitter cup;
That God, who bruiseth, and who bindeth up——
Tho' clouds and darkness are about his Throne,
He is thy present help, and He alone!

Lamented Fair! we've seen thy relics borne
To death's dark chamber, and are left to mourn;
And when, despite those rites to Kings assign'd,
(Mistaken rites, and barbarously kind)
Thy dust shall mingle with its kindred clay,
And all this pagentry of death decay,
Thy virtues blooming, and unchang'd by age,
Shall live embalm'd in History's brightest page;
Thy memory, cherish'd as a vestal flame,
Its altar, British hearts—its food, thine own good name!

THE END.

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